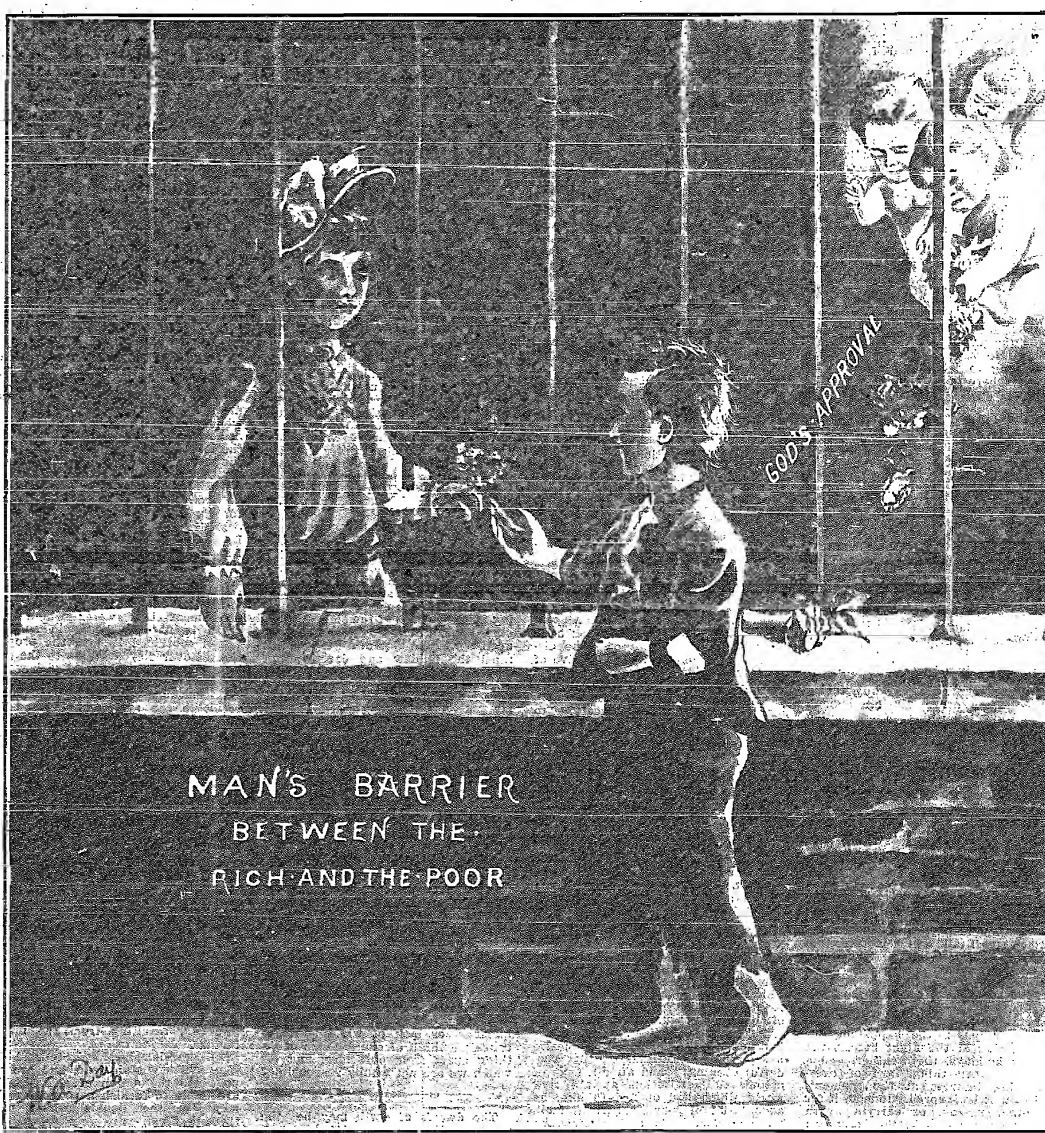


# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year. No. 39 WILLIAM BOOTH, General TORONTO, JUNE 29 1901. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.



MAN'S BARRIER  
BETWEEN THE  
RICH AND THE POOR

MAN'S BARRIERS.

(See article on page 4.)

## EVERY-DAY-RELIGION. CONVERSATION.

BY THE GENERAL.

Well, let us enquire how this is to be carried out:—

1. Watchfulness will be necessary. There should be a set purpose to guard and guide the tongue. The holy Christians of old used to talk about the grace of "Recollectedness"—that is, a state of mind which, so to speak, keeps the soul awake to the fact of who you are, and what you are doing, the opportunities of the occasion, and how you can best improve them. Oh, how often, after the event, we say to ourselves, "Why did I allow that conversation to take that useless turn? Why did I not make an effort to turn it to better account? Or, why did I not say something that would have been useful to A, B, or C? Or, why did I not propose a song, or offer to pray, or do something that might have been a blessing?"

But, alas! what is called our presence of mind—by which, I suppose, we mean recollectedness—as to who we are and what would be most likely to be useful at the moment, is too often wanting, and we lose the chance for ever.

### WE MUST WATCH.

Now, if we are to make the most of conversations, we must watch, and enter upon them as a duty, with a steady aim to make the most we can of them for God and for the well-being of those around us. Why not? A Salvationist goes to the opera, or on the platform, with such an object. He says to himself, "I am not going to let this meeting drift into a sphere of pastime, a thing for the amusement of the hour. No, I will, if I can, make it benefit someone for this world and the next." Why should there not be some similar resolution and purpose with respect to the innumerable opportunities of usefulness presented by conversations?

I specially want it to be seen that I am not advocating anything like bondage, or sanctimonious or melancholy talk. Ah, no! Anything of the kind would defeat at once the object for which I am driving. For instance, only let the mother and the children feel, when they meet for the morning meal, that father will make it the opportunity for delivering some sort of a sermon, how ever important or able it may be done, and farewell to the sort of conversation I mean. No, I would not, except under extraordinary circumstances, even recommend the mentioning of any theme to be talked over. Matters enough are always happening in connection with every household, every barracks, every community, and every nation to interest all, and which can be referred to, and turned to profit and made to instruct and interest everybody present, by a little contrivance.

### PROFITABLE CONVERSATION.

The same thing applies to the casual meeting of comrades, or, indeed, of anyone, where there is time for a little talk. The first condition of profitable conversation, especially in the family or similar circles, is the sense of freedom. This necessitates a certain amount of what might be termed small talk, which more or less embraces the little matters that have to do with the family and everyday life—that about the health of all, the last letters from loved relations and friends, the sayings and doings of the children, their lessons, their toys, and their play; the happenings at the meeting of the night before, the coming holidays, the weather, and a hundred other things are of overwhelming interest at the moment, and cannot be ignored. Indeed, if for no other reason, or carrying with them no other benefit, they serve to train the Junior member of the circle in the art of friendly and polite conversation. Yet, after these portions of these matters have been turned over, more important subjects can be

mentioned, and occasionally occupy the larger part of the time.

But with all the freedom and cheerfulness I have referred to, nothing should be said or hinted at which unjustly reflects upon the absent, or which is contrary to perfect love. How often, in the very height of that freedom and pleasantness, engendered by the interchange of thought and feeling which takes place in a conversation, does one of the twin serpents of envy and jealousy raise its hideous head and insert its venomous insinuations or deprecations, regarding comrades or friends! Oh, this thing must be watched and guarded against! And even when words of condemnation concerning either the present or absent have to be spoken, they should be dipped in honey, and uttered with tenderness, for nothing is more calculated to put an end to the freedom of happiness of a talk than anything which approaches to bitterness, however necessary the saying of it may appear to be.

(To be continued.)

## THE NETHERLANDS.

UNDER COMMISSIONER AND MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

Simple salvation work in Belgium and Holland has recently been brought into bold relief through the intense popular feeling pervading these countries on account of the war in South Africa. But the very difficulties which surround men and women (especially foreigners) laboring for the Kingdom of Christ, bring into unusual prominence the value at such a crisis of the central principles of primitive Christianity.

The promise of "all things working together for good" has been fulfilled again and again in the most striking way; and especially has this been the case when the public mind has been violently and suddenly tossed from idle dreams of man-made peace to stern realities of war and race hatred. Amid such scenes we have been privileged

### To See to Exceptional Advantage

how a simple unalloyed faith in God's Word and promise, and a corresponding unbelief in the false hopes and human remedies of the unregenerate, can keep Christians from the snares of worldly wisdom, and make such pitfalls turn even to the advantage of their salvation work.

The Spirit of God has been most remarkably poured out. Our Officers' consols have been times of veritable baptism. Love and unity have reigned most blessedly. Race questions have been utterly lost sight of. The distant thunder of war, so productive of popular passion and excitement, has only helped to deepen spiritual life and peace in our ranks; and furnish, by its parallels, striking incentive to salvation war.

### Of the Most Desperate Kind.

I write from the midst of special meetings in Brussels. The most beautiful hall of the city, the Grande Harmonie, has been crowded the last two evenings, my dear wife, the Marchale, being announced to speak.

More than a thousand people, mainly of the upper class, were present each night, and the order and attention were perfect. "Never have I beheld anything like this," said one of the literati to me, as he gazed on that

### Silent Crowd of Upturned Faces.

"I have known this city for a lifetime, and all about its public gatherings. This is unique; such attention, such respect, and yet public meetings are often so disturbed."

A gentleman writes:—"On returning home I cannot resist the desire to express my gratitude for this wonderful evening; and after a page of astonished admiration at the new world which had opened to me, he adds, 'Ah! If your ideal is, after all, but a dream, it is a beautiful one indeed. Our hearts, tortured by doubt, prevented us from accepting your faith. But we bless you, nevertheless!'"

A young tutor writes:—"I have

come from the presence of something infinitely high and holy. Never in my life have I passed such hours, or felt the presence of God so wonderfully."

On the platform—facing that worldly audience—were Belgian witnesses to the power of the Christ of the resurrection, and not alone to

### The Christ of the Crucifix

the only one these populations know. Here is a fine-looking man, the chief shop-keeper of a provincial town, who when, out of curiosity, he gave me hospitality three years ago, was an infidel with a worldly wife, and a bigoted Catholic mother-in-law. Prayer was answered as with a flash. The entire family were soundly converted. The shop was closed on Sunday, in spite of neighboring forebodings of ruin. Fixed prices were adopted, bargaining was discarded, the protecting faithfulness of God was manifested, and ever since then our comrade takes part in uniform in meetings on Sundays on the street before his own closed shop door, and visits with us the cafes of the town, as Sergeant of the corps.

Brigadier Van Rossum, 78, rue Neuve, Brussels, will be glad to give any visitors information about the work, or letters could be addressed to our own home, 139, Wesperswyde, Amsterdam.—A. S. B.-C.



### WISDOM.

Wisdom is not the same with understanding; talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence—not the same with any one of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature of it for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength.—Henry Taylor.

### CHEERFULNESS.

There is scarcely an evil in life which we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness be made to end in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick. On the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will repel the mildew and dampness of a general gloom. A cheerful heart polishes the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its shade from the soil upon which it rests. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind filling it with a perpetual serenity, and is in itself an offshoot of goodness.

### SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY.

Our poor, weak faith is often to blame, but we should not treat it as a scapegoat. "This duty," says one, "is perfectly clear to my mind, and in accord with my judgment, and yet I haven't faith enough to do it." He is mistaken. The man who clearly sees a duty before him, and whose judgment approves it, does not need more faith in order to do it. It may be worth while to ask ourselves why we do not sometimes attribute our spiritual lowness to something else than our weak faith—to laziness, for instance, or lack of will. Is it because we think of our faith as something apart from ourselves, and for which we are not wholly responsible?

The dwarfs of earth may be the giants of Heaven.

Kind words, kind looks, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes, these are means of grace when men in trouble are fighting their unseen battles.

## THE AMBULANCE CLASS.

### CHAPTER. XXI.

#### Poison and Their Antidotes.

There are certain substances which all recognize as poisons—substances which are always poisonous to all persons. There are, however, many other materials which are poisonous only under certain conditions, or in certain quantities; such substances furnish a large percentage of the cases which come under the care of the physician.

Poisons exert their injurious effect upon the body in various ways. Some, such as prussic acid, arrest the action of the heart at once, while others cause a gradual change in the functions of other organs. Poisons are often introduced into the system by being taken into the mouth and swallowed; yet they can be introduced by any of the avenues of approach—by being breathed into the lungs, by being rubbed upon the skin, or by simple contact with a scratch or abrasion.

Poisons taken into the stomach when this organ is empty are absorbed into the blood in an incredibly short time. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that poisonous liquids appear in the blood within a few seconds after they have been taken into the stomach. If the stomach is full of food, absorption is less rapid, and the possibilities for the removal of the poison are much greater.

When taken into the body by being inhaled, poisons usually manifest their effect at once, since no appreciable time is required for their passage through the membrane of the lungs.

Numerous cases of poisoning from the use of injurious substances in food, and in articles of clothing, are brought to the notice of the physician. The most common of these will be mentioned.

#### Poisons Which Occur in Food.

Probably the most common form of poisoning by food is lead-poisoning. The most frequent source of lead which is taken into the stomach is drinking water. Some springs and wells contain lead in such quantity as to render them unfit for use; but the lead is not usually obtained from the ground, but from the service pipes. Dr. Chandler, of New York, found one-tenth of a grain of lead in a gallon of Croton water, after it had stood for six hours in a lead pipe.

Many drinking vessels also contain lead; even those which are made of Britannia metal, or other material that is itself free from lead, contain a good deal of this metal in the solder with which the parts are cemented together. It was found in one experiment that water which had stood twenty-four hours in such a vessel contained lead in the proportion of over eleven grains in the gallon. The occasional use of such water probably causes no injury, but the long-continued employment of it may result in the symptoms of lead-poisoning, even if there be no more than one-tenth of a grain of the metal in a gallon of water.

Cans and other vessels used to preserve fruits, lobsters, etc., are frequently soldered in such a way that the lead contained in the soldering becomes mixed with the contents of the can; if these contents contain free acid, there may result also chemical combination with the solder, so that the lead is dissolved in the liquid contained in the vessel.

Some years ago, an extensive series of cases of lead-poisoning in New Orleans was traced to the drinking of soda water from a particular and popular fountain. It was discovered that the reservoirs were so constructed as to permit the solution of lead combinations in the soda water. A Scotch chemist recently found half a grain of lead in a gallon of soda water. Vinegar often contains lead as an impurity, resulting from the manufacture.

All vessels, pipes, spigots, and the like, which contain lead, and are exposed to the action of acid liquids, are liable to furnish a poisonous element in the liquids which pass through them.

Many cooking vessels are lined with materials containing lead; this is said to be true of some of the so-called porcelain-lined vessels.

(To be continued.)

## DEM.

"For Demas had forsaken me, having loved this present world, and he departed, not having borne my testimony."—2 Timothy 4:10.

There had been heart was ended. Holy Spirit and was Jesus; when he as preached by the eers; when the came his attractive found Christ his A was became a Christ case of every regren's bells rang, a sang, and heaven's his name upon the of life.

He ran well for most satisfactory good progress, a promise, that his erced for promotion Demas was acceptive. He had the appointed with Paul associated with him, and accompanied journeyings.

What Privilege to work in close to personal direction east of characters, postles. How o been helped by the nces of Paul's fiery earnestness, and Christianlike exa

How frequently speak in men and had known inspired letters of of the world's tretempt in which he pared to the rich Christ Jesus.

He was well as absorbing purpose to preach Christ and by the sanc tongue, his per fluence as many and serve Him, Demas had contin lead, and had fin triumphantly, leav the scrolls of tin one who had b death."

Fellow-workers saving movement. To be associated sufficient to hold. Some of the most of backsliding ar those who have b with the true Demas with Paul, Saul with Samuel, our feet in the tr our hearts contr power of a full sa personally linked privilege we may our position or co up for this.

Do we stand in manges God's hat watch and pray lo to bring others to let us keep our h eless, lest other b



—Australian War Crs

# JACK SMITH.

## A REMARKABLE CAREER OF CRIME.

Thirty-Three Years in Prison—Received One Hundred and Fifty Lashes  
—Died Saved, and Through His Death Saved Others.

On a recent Thursday the funeral procession of Jack Smith passed through the streets of London, from King's Cross to Holloway. A brass band, numerous banners, and over two hundred followers, consisting of officers of the Men's Social Work, the inmates of the Home, and the City Colonists, escorted the gun-carriage, draped with the Army colors, containing the coffin.

Traffic was suspended. Spectators looked on with reverence, read the banners, and asked who was Jack Smith.

Yes; who was he? He was a robber, a jail-bird and, maybe, a murderer, saved by the grace of God, and who, but for the Salvation Army, instead of being buried with respect and Salvation Army honors, might have been buried in a jail, or a workhouse, grave.

Forty-two years did his sentence amount to, thirty-three of which he spent in jails and penal settlements, and the remaining nine under police surveillance. Thus, out of a life of fifty-nine years, he was only seventeen years a free man. That is to say: From the age of twelve to the day of his death, there were only five years of his life which were not spent in jail, or that he was not a prisoner at large.

The law, in its efforts to make him an orderly member of society, had also torn and scarified his body with 150 lashes by

### The Dreaded "Cat."

Truly the ways of transgressors are hard.

But in the Prison-Gate Home this living thief had entered into the knowledge of sins forgiven, and from that Home he entered with Jesus into Paradise.

Jack Smith, in his boyhood, was not parentless, but his morals could not have been more neglected had he been so. At the age of nine, a noted pick-pocket and trainer of thieves saw a round young face and lured him to crime. Taught to dexterously pick the pockets of dummies and persons in the thieves' kitchen, he gradually became very proficient in this art, and at length commenced business in real earnest. Attired in the costume of a young school-boy, with a broad Eton collar, and satinel of boots, his innocent looks enabled him to go almost anywhere, and for a time to escape detection.

At the age of twelve he was caught in the act of picking a lady's pocket. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and lodged with a birth rod. On his release he again took to

### His Evil Ways.

and again and again was arrested, until at the age of sixteen he was sentenced to a term of four years' penal servitude.

Jack did his four years, had ten weeks' freedom, and was then laid by the heels for another seven years.

At the expiration of the seven years, Jack Smith was again let loose upon society.

He was then seven-and-twenty years of age, a tall, sturdy rogue. Strong as an ox, and as brutal as the society of Seven Dials, and the hardening influences of prison discipline could make him. He was a robber, who, in other crimes would have carried a murderous knife, and used it without compunction. He would have carried a revolver in his hip-pocket, and been quick to draw it, but who, in England, throttled his victims till senseless, or kicked or maimed them for life.

After a short period of crime, another robbery, with violence, brought him a sentence of ten years' penal servitude.

After serving something over seven years he was released in October on a ticket-of-leave. In the following December he was again arrested for another robbery, accompanied with violence of the most brutal and revolt-

ing description. The Judge, in summing up his case, commented very severely upon his character. "You have been," he said, "a life-long criminal. You have never earned an honest penny in your life. You appear to have been cradled and reared in crime. You have never thought of anything but crime, and I am now going to give you a sentence that must surely discourage you from re-embarking on a criminal career. I sentence you to twenty years' penal servitude and three dozen lashes with the 'cat.'"

The flogging was duly administered at Newgate, in the presence of the Governor and some of the visiting directors. Jack was strapped to the triangle, and two strong warders, skilled in the use of the lash, laid on eighteen cuts apiece. With his back

### All Lacerated and Bleeding

he was hurried away to Holloway Jail to have his back dressed and to enter upon his long dreary term of imprisonment.

In addition to his twenty years' imprisonment he had his unexpired term to complete, making, in all, a term of twenty-two years and three hundred days.

Surely three dozen lashes and such a sentence would be enough to break the spirit of any man! But so brutalized and fierce had Jack now become that punishments only made him more ferocious.

One hundred and thirty-five lashes had he received for insubordination whilst at Dartmoor and other penal settlements. A photograph of his back, taken after his death, is before us as we write. These long furrows and scarified weals tell a fearful story of physical suffering, but failed to subdue the spirit of the desperate man.

All the rigors of prison discipline had been tried upon him in vain—the dark and silent cell, heavy chains, clanking irons, and bread and water could not prevent his wreaking fearful violence on the warders when the opportunity offered itself. Such was Jack Smith in 1896.

Five years ago he was permitted by a humane governor at Dartmoor, to have his liberty on a ticket-of-leave, which covered a period of nine years.

"What are you going to do?" asked Dr. Anderson, the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, on his release.

"What am I going to do?" The same as before, of course!" said Jack. "What can I do? I have no friend who will help me!"

"I will give you a letter to the officers in charge of the Prison-Gate Home of the Salvation Army," said Dr. Anderson, "and there you will have an opportunity of leading an honest life if you desire to do so."

Jack Smith took the letter, and in the Home he

### Met With Colonel Barker.

What the results of this meeting were is told by the following tribute to our representative by Jack a few days after the death of the Colonel:

"Ah, the Colonel!" said Jack Smith: "I cried when I heard of his death. He and Commissioner Cadman were the two officers who took a special interest in me when I first came to the Home, and the Colonel gave me such fatherly advice. One day he drew me on one side, and spoke to me about my soul. After speaking to me in this way a few minutes, I looked at him, and noticed that he was crying. I cried, too; but I took his advice and started there and then to serve God. Since that day, Old Jack has never been in want of a friend. Dear Colonel Barker! He was always working for and helping others, although himself so much hindered. I loved him."

This, dear reader, was the man whom 150 cruel lashes, solitary confinement, chains, and hunger failed to subdue. Human sympathy and the

love of God manifested in the Colonel's tears immediately melted this fierce robust and arrogant into tenderness and contrition.

Is there not a latch-key to every man's heart?

Under the softening and humanizing influence of Grace and the Home, Jack Smith became a gentle, pleasant-mannered, saved man. He remained in the Home until his death. It is difficult for a ticket-of-leave man to get employment; so Jack remained with us, and he rose to be the Sergeant of the Home.

### HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

Jack Smith's heart was weak, and he was consumptive; in fact, he had been an out-patient of a London hospital for a considerable time. A sharp attack of pneumonia hastened the end. He passed peacefully away, his dying message to the men being, "God has helped me; He will save you."

On Sunday morning, in his delirium, he exhorted the saved men in the Home not to desert the colors of the Army that had brought them salvation, and urged the unsaved to seek Christ.

When Jack Smith entered the Prison-Gate Home, he found out that the man who had taught him to pick pockets was lying ill and worn out in a London workhouse. Jack continued to visit him, and urge upon him the love of Christ, until we understand

### The Aged Criminal

flung himself upon the mercy of Christ, and died in the consciousness that his sins were forgiven.

The man who nursed Jack through-out his last night upon earth was bombarded by the dying man about his soul. "Are you saved, my lad?" asked Jack. The man acknowledged that he was not. "Then get down upon your knees and call upon God to save you," whispered the converted criminal. The man, like Mary of old, treasured up these words in his heart, and on the following Sunday night was amongst those who came out to the mercy-seat for salvation.

The coffin bore on one side the touching inscription, "He was wounded for our transgressions," on the other, "By His stripes we are healed," and was surmounted by a beautiful wreath of roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots, to which was attached a card bearing these words, "A token of respectful esteem from his comrades." His body was borne to the grave by eight saved ex-prisoners, whose term of imprisonment totalled 166 years.

What a close to such a career! A very impressive meeting was conducted by Commissioner Cadman at the Home on the day of the funeral, and there were

### Traces of Deep Emotion

on the various countenances as the Commissioner told how Jack Smith received from him (the Commissioner) the first honest shilling he had ever earned, and how Jack turned it over and spat on it for luck. Thank God, Jack never turned to the fruits of sin again!

The effect of Jack's death upon the men we think may be gathered from the soul-saving results that accompanied his death and burial. In the meeting at the Home five ex-prisoners came out to the mercy-seat for pardon, while at the graveside at East Finchley three more men, one an old convict, who had spent twenty-two years in jail, knelt on the boards and besought God to forgive them their sins; while at the Home on Sunday night twenty other men sought Christ for mercy, and seventeen men re-dedicated their lives afresh to God. Pipes and snuff-boxes were produced and abandoned, and there was every indication that a deep and permanent work of grace had been wrought in the hearts of these men. Praise God!

In the foregoing there is abundant evidence that the most hardened and deep-dyed criminal that ever preyed upon society can be regenerated and reclaimed.

He who respects his work so highly and does it so reverently that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

## MAN'S BARRIERS.

(To our frontispiece.)

God created man in His own image, male and female, and there was no other distinction set up by God. It remained for man, in his selfish ambitions, to erect barriers, and so create classes: the wealthy and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the governing and the governed. The brotherhood of man was lost sight of, and instead of brothers, master and servant was the relationship of man to man.

Hence we have the present-day condition so aptly expressed by a great writer, "The one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Well-to-do people are often more self-contented than selfish; they do not help the deserving poor, because they do not know that help is needed so urgently. On the other hand, the poor and suffering look up to the wealthy people as their natural enemies, who, by some means got hold of the channels through which wealth can be obtained, and kept the poor down with their noses to the grindstone.

But God uses the innocent age of childhood to counteract these conditions. The pauper child plays with the prince, and both are unconcerned about the social gulf that exists between their parents. Hence a gift from child to child has nothing of envious about it. The lovely flowers given by the rich man's child to the poor widow's boy are a gift beyond value, and above estimation in money. The memory of the sympathy extended will be like a guiding star in the boy's life.

Well did our Saviour point out the fact that a child shall be the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, may we strive to become like little children in the ignorance of artificial barriers of form, class, tradition, reputation, etc., and allow the natural promptings of God's Spirit to dictate our actions in life.

The Salvation Army has probably done more than any other institution to bring the rich and the poor together, and by letting them see more of each other, have them acknowledge that the Lord is the maker of them all; and since He is our common Father, we are brothers and in consequence bound to help each other, socially and spiritually.—E.

### THE TWO OLD MAIDS.

There were two very old maids, sisters who lived together. A running stream passed under the parlor window. A friend came to visit them one day, and found them in agonies of grief.

"What is the matter, my dear ladies?" he exclaimed.

They bridled up, smiled amidst their tears, which still flowed plentifully, and said they were two old fools; but declined to tell the cause of their misery. Their friend, who was their doctor, insisted upon knowing what was the matter, and at last one of them confessed.

"Suppose," Bridget said to me, "we had both been married (you know my dear, it might have been), and suppose I had had a little boy and you a little girl; and suppose we had been dandling them at this very window."

"And suppose," said I, "some horrid boy coming by made a great noise—you know how nervous we are, sister, at noises. And suppose we had both let the children tumble into the water."

"And suppose," said she, "they had both been drowned. Then we began to cry, for it would have been so dreadful, you know."

Here the two old maids commenced crying again, and the doctor had some difficulty in comforting them. Now, I say that most of us are just as foolish as Bridget and her sister, and keep on supposing, and supposing, and supposing, and making ourselves miserable about grievances quite as imaginary as those of the two aged spinsters.—A. Helps (Friends in Council).

## Lieut.-

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF  
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## BARRIERS.

(frontispiece.)

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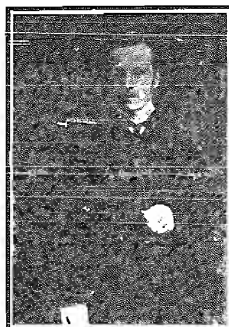
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## Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Margetts.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE S. A. CAREERS OF TWO STAFF OFFICERS, WHO, AFTER TWENTY-SIX YEARS' COMBINED SERVICE IN CANADA, LEAVE FOR THE UNITED STATES FIELD.



ND how do you like the idea of going to the United States?" was the question with which we opened our interview with the farewell Territorial Secretary. "I view it," was the prompt reply, "as every proper Salvationist does; it is not so much a question of country or nationality, but of having a chance. In the United States we have unsurpassed opportunities of doing the work for which we exist. There are many large cities which require the Salva-

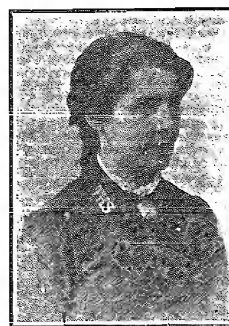


Cand. Margetts.  
As He Entered the Training Home.

tion Army, and I want to make the most of this magnificent chance before me. Of course, one cannot be sixteen years in the country without becoming attached in many ways, especially to many lovable people, who, in turn, become attached to you."

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts entered the Army Training Home in London, England, nineteen years ago last October, a modest young man with a frock coat and a high hat, as picture number one shows. After nine weeks' drill he qualified himself for a field appointment, and went to his first corps, at Northey Tydd, Wales. His appearance was not much altered except in uniform, as we see in picture number two. His systematic work directed the attention of his superior officers to this promising young Captain, who was next appointed as A. D. C. to the Reading Headquarters of the Southern Division, England. After two years' service in this position, he filled a similar appointment at the Birmingham Headquarters, and from there came to Canada.

"Did you know Mrs. Margetts before you came to Canada?" we curiously enquired. The Colonel definitely denied such an acquaintance.



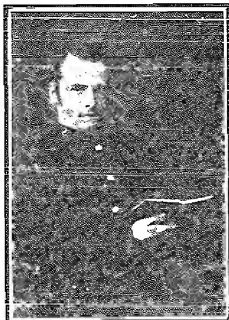
Capt. Polly Ashton  
(Mrs. Margetts)  
Training Home Officer.

and we have no reason to doubt his word.

When Staff-Capt. Margetts arrived at Toronto, sixteen years ago, the Territorial Headquarters was situated in a small store, on Queen St. West, and the entire Headquarters' Staff consisted of Commissioner Coombs, his A. D. C., Staff-Capt. Eastwood, who was also in charge of the Toronto Division, and had a boy to assist in the office work; Staff-Capt. Smith, Cashier and Trade Secretary; Staff-Capt. Manton, Spiritual Special and Organizer. Staff-Capt. Margetts was at once appointed to the oversight of the Hamilton Division and Editor of the War Cry, with a boy "who knew shorthand" to assist him. From the foregoing we see that Lieut.-Colonel Margetts has practically been closely linked up with every development of the Salvation Army in this Territory.

## Harnessed Up At Once.

He landed on the 23rd of May, '85.



Capt. Margetts.  
As He Left the Training Home.

In Toronto, which was on a Saturday. On Sunday he specialised with Commissioner Coombs at Hamilton I. On Monday, the Queen's Birthday being the occasion, a great jubilation was held at old Number One, Richmond St., at which all officers from the outside corps were present, finishing up with an all-night of prayer. This glimpse gives us an idea of the pace at which the Army officers were kept going in the early days.

The death of Staff-Capt. Eastwood, in August of the same year, threw considerable more work upon Headquarters, including Staff-Capt. Margetts, whose eighteen months at the Centre were months of hard labor.

In May of the next year the Temple was opened, and in November the General first visited Canada. All this meant a multiplication of work, of course.

The General promoted the hero of our sketch to the rank of Major, with a commission to organize and extend our work in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

## Lively Times in the East.

"You had some lively times, I understand, during the early days of the East?"

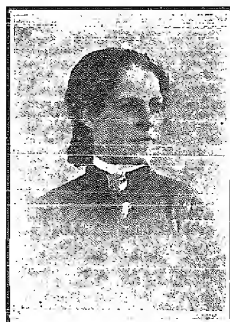
"Yes, we had," replied the Colonel, "and that in many ways, especially at the opening of St. John's, Nfld., when we had a great riot in the open air. Eggs, stones, and sticks were in evidence. The eggs, especially, were of considerable size. Only the wise and timely interference of the police, we believe, avoided bloodshed and possibly deaths. Then there was the celebrated drum case at Chatham, N.B., during the command of Capt. Waids (now Mrs. Adjutant Bradley), who opened the work there. The drum and the drummer was summoned before the court, but we won a glorious victory, which strengthened our cause considerably all over

the Dominion. Of course there was lots of friction of a similar kind in the early days in many places."

## The Flood in Freer's Time.

"Tell me something about the flood, which Capt. Freer experienced." "Well, it was in this way. We opened Grand Manana Island, and had considerable difficulty over the question of baptism, two officers finding it necessary to be immersed before their faith in Christ's salvation could take root. They were followed by Capt. Freer, a man who was not tied down and crippled by the grave-clothes of forms and ceremonies, and who took his stand as a Salvationist wisely and fearlessly. There was, however, a tough element in the town, which was determined to have the Captain immersed. They managed to place a barrel of water over the nose boards of the ceiling of the hall in which our meetings were held, and fastened a string to the barrel in such a way that it could be pulled from the outside when desired. In the evening the Captain waved eloquent in his exhortation, when, lo, and behold! the toughs pulled the string and upset the barrel, causing a flood to descend upon the unsuspecting head of Capt. Freer."

Major Margetts was very successful in his organization of the East. He opened up in the country in almost every part, built several barracks, among them Liverpool, Dartmouth, Lunenburg, and Annapolis, as well as buying land for buildings in other places. During the two years he was stationed there he had some very remarkable meetings, among them we will mention two. The first one was during his visit to Brigus, Newfoundland, when, in an afternoon holiness meeting, the entire audience of between sixty and seventy people came to the



Capt. Ashton.

penitent form, with the exception of two. The scene was beyond description. Pipes and tobacco were thrown all over the floor, flowers were torn and cut from hats, and among the leaping, dancing, and shouting crowd a wonderful baptism of the Spirit descended. The other one was an all-night of prayer at Fredericton, when sixty men and women knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Many corps were opened also in Newfoundland. At the Major's visit to the Island he inaugurated our work in Twillingate, Greenspond, Bonaville, Fortune, and Grand Bank. Among the corps opened in the Maritime Provinces by him were St. John II, and III, Digby, Bear River, Freeport, Sackville, and Amherst. He secured seven officers from Toronto to begin with, but he returned more than that number from the officers he raised on the spot. He also opened the Training Garrison at St. John, N.B., which proved a great assistance in officering his new corps. Ill-health compelled him to leave this appointment after over two years' hard service.

## Training Home Principal.

He came to Toronto, and, after a little rest, took charge of the Training Home Division, and became entirely responsible for the Training operations of the Dominion. In those days there were Training Homes situated at Lippincott, Yorkville, St. John, Brantford, Ottawa, and Bran-

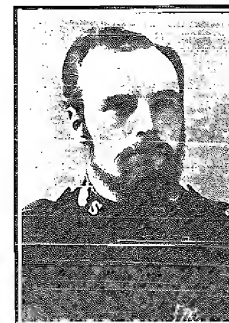


Staff-Capt. Ashton.  
Divisional Officer.

don, Man. The appointment was a responsible one, for besides the efficient training of the officers, the Major was responsible for entirely financing the Training Homes out of his Division, and that meant a great deal, when at times seventy Cadets were in training in Toronto alone. One of his plans was to send the Cadets twice a week for a whole day to a corps. He would lecture them in the forenoon and send them out visiting in the afternoon to create a stir and bless the people, and finish up with a good demonstration at night. In this manner the officers of the corps undertook to feed the Cadets. The corps were blessed, souls were saved, and a portion of the income helped to carry the expenses of the Training Homes.

## Prevailing Faith.

In those days the Major had many tests of his faith, and many remarkable answers to prayer. On one of these occasions he was greatly in need of \$100. Failing to find means to obtain it, he gathered the Cadets about him and spent some time in prayer. The same evening after conducting a meeting in one of the city corps, a gentleman came to him at the close in great trouble, stating that he was particularly troubled over



Major Margetts.  
When in charge of the Toronto Training Homes.

\$100 which the Lord wanted him to give away. The Major told him of his straits, and upon hearing this the gentleman said, "I am convinced that the Lord meant me to give you the \$100. Take it, and praise the Lord for it." He has similar instances of most remarkable answers to relate, too numerous to mention here.

## Old-Time Camp Meetings.

Another feature during his command of Toronto Division were the Camp Meetings at Wells' Hill. The last of these especially remains on record. Over three hundred and eighty people camped on the grounds, and a magnificent series of meetings finished up on Sunday night with seventy-two souls in the fountain. After paying all expenses, the Major cleared \$600 for the Training Homes.

(Continued on page 13.)



## Daily Sword Exercise.

Sunday.

I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love.—Eph. iv. 1, 2.

Self-Examination.—Have I been haughty, or impatient, or incredulous, or unforgiving?

Prayer.—Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.

Monday.

I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.—John xvii. 15.

S.Ex.—Have I taken my stand as a fighter in this world, or have I shirked my duty, and shirked my responsibility?

I'll gird on the armor and rush to the field, Determined to conquer, and never, never yield.

So the enemy may know, Wherever I may go, I am fighting for Jehovah.

Tuesday.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. ii. 10.

S.Ex.—Have I been faithful to-day to my conscience and my God? If I break faith to-day, how can I keep faithful unto death?

Promise.—I am able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

Wednesday.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.—Job xiii. 15.

S.Ex.—Have I resigned myself to the heavy afflictions, or annoying trifles, of adversity to the fact that God sits in government, and will not permit anything to happen to me but what is good for me?

I'll be Thine, Lord, in sunshine or darkness, In the calm, as when tempests shall roar;

I'll be Thine, Lord, for joy or for sadness, I'll be Thine, only Thine, evermore.

Thursday.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.—Rom. xii. 10.

S.Ex.—Have I been truly mindful of the merits of others, or have I been chiefly concerned about my rights, and my deserts?

Prayer.—O Lord Jesus, help me to be truly a servant of all men, for Thou lovest with a love beyond understanding, and Thou didst serve even the least of Thy disciples.

Friday.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.—Ps. xli. 1.

S.Ex.—What has chiefly engaged my thought, and to what final purpose has my time been devoted?

All my heart I give Thee, Day by day, come what may; All my life I give Thee, Dying men to save.

Saturday.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.—Prov. xxxi. 26.

S.Ex.—Have I spoken many idle and foolish words, and has my tongue pronounced harsh judgments?

P.—Lord, teach me to love perfectly, for then shall I know wisdom, and speak kindness.

One pickle may make many pessimists.

POINTERS.

Vital forces are seldom visible.

The patient man gulps the end desired and a victory over self as well.

The powerful are patient; they can afford to be. Only the weak worry.

"Thou shalt not steal." The Gospel don't belong to you. It belongs to God and to the world, and if you don't spread it you are stealing.

## BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

### LOT'S RELIGION.

Mr. Lot, like many others whom we come across to-day, Had the chance of choosing rightly, but, by choice, was led astray; All his money could not save him, for he found, as others find, That, unless the Lord is Builder, those who build are always blind. Nor could he, with moral motives, stem the tide of Satan's will—For, in spite of education, Sodom is a Sodom still.

Time came when the Lord, in anger, said that these things should not be: "I will rain down fire and brimstone on this wickedness," said He. Then, in mercy, He remembered Lot, and longed to lead him out, With his wife, and her relations, ere destruction came about, So He sent, as human beings, angels with this message straight:—"White Lot flee, with all his family, out of Sodom, I will wait!" But the sons-by-marriage treated all Lot said as but a joke, Wondered what had come across him: said he was "a funny bloke." Would not leave their worldly pleasures, could not miss their noisy play. Said, to please old Lot a little, "We may join you some fine day!"

Lot himself was in no hurry, for he "lingered," we are told, Till these men, who saw his danger, had, by force, his hands to fold; Had to lead him out the city, with his wife, and daughters, too. (Much like "fishers" in the meeting, to the mercy-seat, will do.) Then said Lot, "Where will you lead me? Do not let it be too far."—"Up the mountain," said the angels, "where the higher blessings are."—"Not so, Lord," replied he, frightened, "we would die; the road is long—Having lived some years in Sodom, we are far from being strong: We would miss the evening rambles, we would miss the valley stream, And the harmless social parties—yep, p'raps, know just how I mean."

"But," replied the angels, sadly, "you will rain more than you'll miss: Will see further, and be nearer to the Lord—just think of this!" Then said Lot, "I know a city, little both in size and name, May we not take refuge in it? Will it not be all the same? It is up to the mountain; if your Lord would but agree, Mrs. Lot would settle in it, and we both would happy be."

In the Psalms we read how Israel, in the wilderness, backslid, Lusted for Egyptian treasures (which accounts for what they did). They requested ease and pleasure, heedless of their promised goal; So God gave them what they wanted, but sent leanness to their soul! Thus it was with Lot from Sodom, since he feared the mountain track, He might go and dwell in Zoar, better far than going back. But he would not get the blessing, nor the view, nor Gospel-fat; He would lose, in choosing Zoar, promised blessings, such as that.

'Tis like this when Jesus calls us, by His greater call, to preach, To join the Salvation Army; or of holiness to teach. We have got outside our Sodom, but we can refuse the call, Can get into some such Zoar, lose the honor—that is all. Work that angels would delight in, we might do, and gain a crown, If we'd save our life we'll lose it; miss a smile, deserve a frown.

Lot got little satisfaction in the way that he had chose, For his wife backslid, and fashion, as each Army Junior knows. She looked back once more on Sodom, so was petrified to salt, As an everlasting lesson to those who are prone to bait.

Even this small town of Zoar disappointed Lot as well, Since, we read, that for some reason, he within it feared to dwell; So, at length, snatched up the mountain, where he should have gone before (Like those Christians who get holy as they leave for Canaan's shore). Where are you, beloved reader? If you are in Sodom, say Will you not take this last warning, and make your escape to-day? Hurry up! There's not a moment to be lost, if you want to flee From the fiery judgment coming—surely you the signs must see. Hurry up! If we could drag you we would hold your hand just now, Till, deep under sin's conviction, you before our Christ should bow.

Where are you, friend of the Army? Where are you, oh, soldier, say Are you living on the mountain of true holiness to-day? If you are not, you're in Zoar, and, until you do come out, 'Tis no wonder you feel funny when we clap our hands and shout. 'Tis no wonder you're half-hearted, if God writes you down "Lukewarm." You will be no blessing to us, nor yourself, but rather harm. Hurry up! Come out of Zoar, up the mountain you must go, If you would be, as you oft sing, "Whiter than the driven snow."

Adj. Phillips.

## A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end. "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!"

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient. "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, "then come back to me a month from to-day." And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least

The Prescription was not Expensive.

Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected, with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayers and Bible study for years, and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. "Well, he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you need any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said honestly. "I feel like a different person, and I hope I am a different person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily readings of this Book I should

lose my Greatest Source of Strength and Skill.

I never go to an operation without reading my Bible; I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet, I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few people are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.—Forward.

## IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries of the Women's Social. Particulars should be addressed directly to any of the following homes—

"The Foreigners Home for Children," 65 Farley Ave., Toronto.  
"The Industrial Home," 400 Yonge St., Toronto.  
"The Family Home," 1000 Bloor St. W., Toronto.  
"Port Hope Rescue Home," Riverdale Ave., London, Ont.  
"Liberty Hall," 241 St. Antonio St., Montreal, P.Q.  
"The Home," 11 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.  
"The Lady's Home," 100 St. George St., St. John's, Nfld.  
"Hudson House," 24 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.  
"Home Hall," 100 Main St., St. John's, Nfld.  
"Missionary Home," 200 West Beaver St., Detroit, Mich.  
"Liberty Home," 200 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.  
"Haven Home," 100 Henry St., Vancouver, B.C.  
"South Hall," 1000 St. James St., St. Louis, Mo.

Now, when through the chance to look rade coming "Stop," said "Who is this Then Chris friend, Salvat "Yes, and said Faithful, me on the wa So Salvator SALVATION both!" CHRISTIAN Salvationist uniform. The face brings to of love on my "And a tho said Faithful cheers our be the testings faith!" Then said been with you difficulties be how have you Then Chris him what ba the way, an trials and tes far. Salv

"Praise the let. "for vict I have sown but the day I rejoice togeth out; for in if you fail before of glory. lose its col may obtain th this crown. I the testings failed, so a place, and w You are not the devil; y unto blood sh the Kingdom no attraction own. Above own hearts, a clean. Havi purify your yourselves a are drifting side all wat and out of s and rebuke Then Chri Bible lesson would like to advice that Journey that So Salvat "My sons, i tribulations, of Heaven. persecution cast you out keep well su you out of t have experie experience m approaching find yourse emles. Yo obstruction will probabl hold with bl death, and a crown or lit will arrive e er than the death a sh you come to I am prayin in God, W nor forsake bless you I caving. A

Then I ss got out of ed at the e vantly Fah Beelzebub. He knew th City lay th rapped to n grins to p The merch





100





GREAT BRITAIN.

**AUSTRALASIA.**

**WEST INDIES.**

### MAJOR GALT AT LINDSAY.

**Triumphant Week-End.**

(By wire.)

Second Sunday of Spiritual Spectacles, Major Galt and Capt. LeDrew at Lindsay, has been the best yet. Result: Four souls, increased interest, hall twice filled, ordinary Sunday collections quadrupled. Enrolment Monday.—Adj. Bale.

## WISE COUNSELLORS

If you cannot find a counselor who combines these two kinds of qualifications (i.e., promptitude and deliberation), which is a thing not to be calculated on—you should seek for some of each sort; one to derive and another to admit of delay, and another to make the guesses and suggest sudden expedients. A bow, such as is approved by our modern toxicophiles must be "backed"—that is, made of two sorts of wood glued together, one of the very elastic and the other of the wood, the other much less elastic and very tough. The one gives the requisite spring, the other keeps it from breaking. If you have two such counselors as are here spoken of, you are provided with a "backed" bow—*Rd. Whately*

He who despises the great is condemned to honor the little; and he who is in love with trifles can have no taste for the great.—Lavater.



## III.—THE GERMAN.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE GERMAN AND ROMAN.

Just as it was with the Britons and Gauls, the first we know of the Germans was when the Romans began to fight with them. When Julius Caesar was in Gaul, there was a great chief among the tribe called Schwaben (Suevi, as the Romans made it) called Ehrfurt (Honor Prince), or, as in Latin, Arivistus, who had been invited into Gaul to settle the quarrels of the two tribes of Gauls in the north. This he did by conquering them both; but they then begged help from Caesar, and Ehrfurt was beaten by the Romans and driven back. Caesar then crossed the Rhine by a bridge of boats and ravaged the country, staying there for eighteen days. He was so struck with the bravery of the Germans that he persuaded their young men to serve in his legions, where they were very useful; but they also learned to fight in the Roman fashion.

Germany was left alone till the time of the Emperor Augustus, when his stepson, Drusus, tried to make it a Province of Rome, and built fifty fortresses along the Rhine, besides cutting a canal between that river and the Yessel, and sailing along the coast of the North Sea. He three times entered Germany and in the year B. C. 9, after beating the Marchmen, was just going to cross the Elbe, when one of the Velledas, a woman of great stature, stood before the army and said, "Thou greedy robber! whither wouldst thou go? The end of thy misdeeds and thy life is at hand." The Romans turned back dismayed; and thirty days later Drusus was killed by a fall from his horse.

Drusus' brother, Tiberius, went on with the attempt, and gained some land, while other tribes were allies of Rome, and all seemed likely to be conquered, when Quintilius Varus, a woman who came out to take the command, began to deal so rudely and harshly with the Germans that a young chief, named Herman, or Arminius, was aroused. He had secret meetings at night in the woods with other chiefs, and they swore to be faithful to one another in the name of their gods. When all was ready, information was given to Varus that a tribe in the north had revolted. He would not listen to Siegest or Scagetes, the honest German who advised him to be cautious, and to keep Herman as a hostage, and set out with three legions to put it down; but his German guides led him into the thickest of the great Teutoburg forest, and the further they went the worse this grew. Trunks of trees blocked up the road, darts were hurled from behind trees, and when at last an open space was gained, after three days' struggling through the woods, a huge host of foes was drawn up there, and in the dreadful fight that followed almost every Roman was cut off, and Varus threw himself on his own sword.

Herman married the daughter of Siegest, and was chief of the Hartz mountains, aided by his uncle Ingomar; but after five years, A. D. 14, the Emperor Tiberius sent the son of Drusus—who was called already, from his father's successes, Germanicus—against him. Some of the Germans, viewing Siegest as a friend of Rome, beset his village, and were going to burn it, when Germanicus came in time to disperse them and save Siegest. Thunelda, the wife of Herman, was with her father, and was sent off as a prisoner to Rome, with her baby; while Germanicus marched into the Teutoburg, found the bones of the army of Varus, and burnt them at a funeral pile, making a speech calling on his men to avenge the death. Siegest's horsemen fell on him and defeated him, and if the Germans had not been so eager to plunder they would have made a great many prisoners. They drove the Romans back across the Rhine, and the next year were ready for them, and had a tremendous battle on the banks of the Weser. In this the Romans prevailed,

and Herman himself was badly wounded, and was only saved by the fleetness of his horse. However, he was not daunted, and still kept in the woods, and harassed the Romans, once forcing them to take refuge in their ships.

Tiberius grew jealous of the love the army bore to Germanicus, and sent for him to return to Rome. Herman thus had saved his country, but he had come to expect more power than his chiefs thought his due, and he was slain by his own kinsmen, A.D. 19, when only 37 years old. His wife and child had been shown in Germanicus' triumph, and he never seems to have seen them again. It

was during this war that the great Roman historian, Tacitus, came to learn the habits and manners of the Germans, and was so struck with their simple truth and bravery that he wrote an account of them, which seems as an example for the fallen and corrupt Romans of his time.

There were no more attempts to conquer Germany after this; but the Germans, in the year 69, helped in the rising of a Gaulish chief, named Civilis, against the Romans, and a Velleda, who lived in a lonely tower in the forests near the Lippe, encouraged him. He prevailed for a time, but then fell.

(To be continued.)



## Souls Saved—Target Smashed.

Ahms Harbor—God is giving us the victory in this place. We have smashed our Self-Denial target, and one precious soul volunteered for salvation on Tuesday night, while another held up his hand for prayer. Many are deeply convicted, and we are believing they will soon come.—G. Lamh, Lieut.

## A Sister Found Peace.

Bismarck—Victory is again the cry here. God came very near on Sunday, and one sister sought and found peace. Deep conviction was stamped on the faces of others. To God we give the glory and press on, praying for an outpouring of the Spirit.—A. R. H. Bristow, Lieut.

## Braved the Storm.

Channel—The past week has been one of blessing to us. Many are under conviction and we are believing for a mighty crash in the enemy's ranks. We are about to say farewell to our officers. We wish them many blessings, and pray that they may bring many precious souls to the Cross. Although our reports have been few during the past winter, we have braved the storm. We can see in the distance Goliath as he comes forth defying our little army, and, like young David, we have faith in God, and with the sword of faith we mean to bruise the serpent's head.—Sergt-Major Gosse.

## Eight Souls—A Great Change.

Clark's Harbor—Self-Denial is something of the past. By prayer, faith, and works the target was raised. Cadet Nickerson has farwelled and has gone to Yarmouth Training Home. May God bless her in her new field of labor. Eight souls farwelled from sin. One was an ex-soldier. Everything is on the upgrade. A nice border has been painted around the hall, also some nice mottoes. The windows have been repaired and painted, the roof shingled, new doors put in the front, etc. The soldiers are happy and fighting for souls.—Inez Cowell.

## Christianity in Five Scenes.

Fairville—The officers here have just had a special meeting entitled, "Christianity in five scenes," which was a booming success. The hall was filled, and after the meeting a plunk lunch was served. Everybody was in raptures over it. Self-Denial is on the go, and our plucky little Captain is bound to reach her target, which is \$80. I tell you, they are the right sort of people here.—Missab.

## The P. O.'s Visit—Nine Souls.

Fredericton—It is now some time since you heard from the Celestial City, but we are neither dead nor sleeping. Our worthy D. O., Adjt. Jeannings, and work for all to do, and we are glad to report victory. Since last report we have been favored with a visit from the P. O., Brigadier Sharp, and Staff-Capt. Phillips, who gave us a week-end. The meetings were a blessing to our souls, and those who were convicted in the holiness meeting, but did not yield to the power of the Holy Ghost, lost a

blessing they will never regain. Nine souls sought Christ during the day, and since then victory has been ours, with souls coming home. The effect of these meetings has been far-reaching, and the Brigadier and Staff-Captain will always find a welcome in Fredericton. Self-Denial is the topic of the day, and we are not coming out behind, but up to the standard of former years. There are whispers in the air, but—wait—Duplex Des Moines.

## One Soul at the P. O.'s Visit.

Gravenhurst—We have just had a visit from Major Pickering, our new P. O., and Staff-Capt. Stanton. A grand crowd met together to listen to our leaders, and expecting to hear something good were not disappointed. God's Spirit operated on the hearts of all present, and in the prayer meeting one soul knelt at the Cross.—F. G. L.

## Determined to Conquer.

Great Falls—We are pressing forward, and by the help of God are determined to conquer the devil in every way. The meetings all week were fine, and all day Sunday God was with us and poured out His blessing upon us. We are praying and believing for souls.—J. R.

## Halting Between Two Opinions.

Herring Neck—On Tuesday we had a visit from our Provincial Officer, Major Smeeton, accompanied by Ensigns Gosling and Snow. God came very near and blessed our souls. The Major poured in some Holy Ghost truths, and many were convicted of their wrong-doings, but none would yield. One man took his cap and said he would either have to go to the Cross or leave the meeting. He decided upon the latter. We pray that God will, by His Holy Spirit, trouble him until he surrenders. The people appreciated the Major's visit very much, and say, "Come again, Major, and bring Mrs. Smeeton with you."—J. Downey.

## Target Smashed.

Kentville—We are glad to be able to report that our Self-Denial has resulted in a glorious victory. On account of the small-pox in town the outlook was rather blue, and everyone said the target was too high, but we threw off all the cold blankets, as our mind was made up that by prayer, faith and hard work, we would save the victory. Thank God, we have not been disappointed; our target of \$70 was reached and sent in. This is not bad for a town of about fifty hundred people.—Jenephro.

## Two Captures.

Misoula—Mrs. Ensign Cummins and Sister Sprague went up the Bitter Root Valley, and to Wallace, Wardner, and Mullan, collecting for S.D. They did well. We have reached our target. The meetings were good all week, and, best of all, two precious souls were snatched from the ranks of sin.—J. H. F. R. C.

## Much Interest Manifested.

Nanaimo, B.C.—Over five hundred people lined the street and listened

to our open-air on Saturday night. Much interest was manifested throughout. Sunday night's attendance was splendid. The Captain was dressed in special costume, and dealt forcibly with his subject. One soul for the day. Everything is rising. To God we give all the glory. Self-Denial target smashed. This effort has done the corps good.—Capt. Sheard.

## Children's Jubilee—One Soul.

Newcastle—Self-Denial is booming. The Lieutenant has gone over her target. We had a meeting at our outpost the other night. On account of the bill-poster not being there, the hall was in darkness when we arrived, so an open-air meeting was started. Some kind friends at this moment opened the hall, and allowed us in. We have had a children's jubilee which proved successful. The most interesting part was a song by a little girl by the name of Copeland. On Sunday night one came out for pardon.—T. A., F. O.

## Many in Tears.

North Bay—We have had beautiful meetings all week. Sunday was a day never to be forgotten. Major Pickering, our new P. O. and Staff-Capt. Stanton, conducted the meetings in the afternoon and evening. God's Spirit was felt and many were brought to tears. We believe a great work is being done, and that we shall reap the benefit of this visit in the near future.—Jessie Bone, Lieut.

## A Slave for Thirty Years.

North Sydney—Our Self-Denial was a grand success. Special meetings, large crowds, and good collections are the order of the day. We also have a new organ. Sixteen souls have professed salvation in the past six weeks. One was a man who had been a slave to tobacco for nearly thirty years. He smashed his pipe and got the victory.—Minnie Pike.

## Good Cases of Conversion.

Ottawa—It is some time since you heard from the Imperial City. We have had some real conflicts. Goliath is the Goliath sin we have to fight these days. Self is also a big monster. We have had a few souls seeking salvation. One good case, a backslider, returned last week, and was taken his stand for God. Our beloved friend, Staff-Captain Burditt, has given us another visit. His presence and spiritual talks in the meetings were a real inspiration to us all. Two backsliders returned, and two came out for complete deliverance from sin in the holiness meeting. Our S.D. target is sure. We have made a good start in the building fund, receiving \$400 from six men—Kendall.

## Five Cry for Mercy.

Riverside—We are glad to report good meetings all day Sunday, led by Adjt. Walker. We had a beautiful time at night, and were glad to see five coming to the Mercy Seat and crying for pardon. May God bless them.—Corps-Doctor McCarney.

## Souls Saved—A Minister's Son.

St. John I.—We are having big times. The visit of our dear Brigadier and Staff-Captain was wonderfully owned and blessed of God. The salvation addresses of the day were powerful and convincing. At 11 a.m. there were three seekers. At 3 p.m. one, a minister's son, and at 7.30 p.m. three. Oh, it was an old-timer. The fire broke out in knee-drill, and never died out all day. Brigadier Sharp excelled himself. Capt. Flemming and Stubbs were in evidence all day, and assisted nobly. Many beside the seekers were in tears. God is moving wonderfully in our midst. The crowds of finances are real good. Every week God is making His arm bare on our behalf, and victory is ours. Self-Denial is all right. Count on No. 1, every time. God will reward and bless the faithfulness of the dear comrades by getting them souls for their hire.—McElheney.

Our interests determine the level of our lives.

The people who talk most about their citizenship in Heaven are often those who pay no taxes there.

# PROFESSOR'S CONSECRATION.

By C. A. P.



RUE consecration involves sacrifice which can be experienced in many ways. All important attainments have been begotten and brought to fruition through sacrifice and earnest effort. It is the price one has to pay for success. What has the world not seen achieved through true consecration that has involved untrusting self-denial? A business man must practice it if he desires to scale from the lowest rung to the highest on the ladder of commercial fame. The man on the farm must practice it if he purposes one day to be a successful farmer. The sailor, if he expects one day to be a commander, must lay aside his selfish likes and go through the drudgery, as he may term it, of an ordinary seaman first. The more gratifying is success if obtained with a struggle. In every vocation of life that involves hardship, men must consecrate themselves to it, embrace the difficulties and throw their whole being and energy into one ceaseless effort to make their life-chosen calling a success.

How many there are who start out well in life, but do not go through as they expect. Why is it? Simply because they did not take in fully the situation at the start and consecrate themselves for hardness, disappointment, and extreme self-denial. Failure on their part to adapt themselves to, and abide by, the conditions that lead to all true success brought about a failure.

## Sad Failure in Life's Mission.

As in the temporal affairs of life, so in the spiritual, we find the same sorrowful examples of defeated endeavor, simply because of an incomplete consecration at the start. How many a person has attempted to start out on the higher Christian course, undecided as to whether they will be persistent or not in their onward march. They may give up the idea of pressing on after a while, so they say they consecrate, not for life, but for a season only.

This thought was brought to me a few days ago with great force, while looking at a picture adorning the walls of an officer's quarters. It was a farewell scene between mother and son. There stood the mother in deep mourning—no doubt a widow—bidding "good-bye" to her boy, who was going to the front of the fight as a war drummer. The tear could be seen on the mother's cheek, and the look of sad resignation on the face. So sad and real did it appear that an officer, in viewing it, could not but weep. There stood the warrior in the harbor, no doubt waiting for certain detachment of soldiers, and among them their boy. Underneath that picture scene were the words "a full sacrifice and resignation."

"It May Be for Years, and It May Be for Ever."

Verily, here was portrayed true consecration. Quite possibly that mother had lost her husband through war's cruel agency, and yet, notwithstanding all this, she gives her son up with words which were to her the embodiment of sacrifice, "It may be for years, and it may be for ever."

She did not know how the fortunes of war were to play with her boy. She knew not whether God would again give him back to her or not; but in the anguish of her mother's heart, she yields him to the service of his Queen and country. If no doubt, meant a great deal to her. Perhaps the crushing of the heart, it may be, yet there was one bright consolation, the fact that she had given him for a noble cause.

The above-quoted words are very suggestive. It signifies that her sacrifice was a true, and, therefore, a brave one. If it meant only for years it was a costly parting, if for ever, would be extremely sad, yet the boy had been given unreservedly to the service of his country. It was not with her to decide the limit of their separation. God was respon-



open-air on Saturday night. Interest was manifested about Sunday night's service as splendid. The Captain was in special costume, and dealt with his subject. One soul a day. Everything is rising. We give all the glory. Self-target smooch. This effort of the corps good.—Capt.

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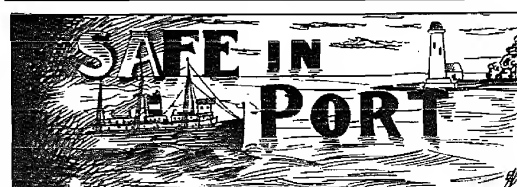
sible for the preservation of her boy, if he was to be returned to her. Just as with consecration in the spiritual life.

We Must do Our Part and leave the rest with God. Should one be heard to say, in yielding himself to God's service, "It may be for years, and it may be for ever," it would imply a weakness, for true consecration in the spiritual sense always means for ever. The devil sees in the very words indecision, and is crafty enough to play upon, and use all his suggestive powers to increase that indecision, to bring about a complete failure in the Christian life. There are many people who give themselves up to God for some specific time only. There is left an opening by which the devil may win a grand victory over them. What if a man should lay all up to God for some specific time only, and in the end become a castaway? True, he blesses the world while he is given up to God, but What About the Finish of His Career? By taking back his gift, not only

does he lose his own soul, but he cannot tell how many others will be lost through his unfaithfulness and failure. Oh, the influence one man's action has over another's! In an evil action, not only is the committer affected, but onlookers allow themselves to be affected also. They try to excuse or justify themselves over the failure of others. Sad, but true. No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom. No man having laid his all on the altar, and taking it off again, is justified in so doing, because

God is a Jealous God

and demands our all. Our hearts' affections and our true service must be given Him, and that until we see Him face to face. Then, and then only, will we hear the sentence ringing in our hearts as an echo from life's plan, "and every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."



IN THE REALMS ABOVE.

Watford.—The S. A. has lost one of its best friends in Mr. Sanders, the beloved father of our Treasurer, Mrs. Apted, who has gone from this world of toil and tribulation to that better world, "where music fills the balmy air, and angels with bright wings are near." Mr. Sanders was known all over the town and country, and the public in general, turned out to the funeral, showed how greatly he was respected, and the high esteem in which he was held by the community at large. A few short months ago, when his wife was taken from him, he was heard to remark to her on her dying bed, "Never mind, mother, it won't be long." No, it was not long, for he is now with her, and with the angels, where they will praise God for evermore. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," was emphasized by the minister in the church in the course of his remarks at the funeral service, "for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Our comrade has gone, but his work still lives; he has suffered, but his sufferings are over; he has toiled, but now rests. As he lived, so he died. May the lesson which can be learned from a departed brother's life and death be a means of encouragement to us all, to live as he lived, and die as he died, a Christian.—B. Greenwood.

A SOLDIER GONE TO HIS REWARD.

Sydney.—Saturday, June 8th, death visited us and took from our ranks Bro. Russell, who belonged to the Bay Roberts corps. Our comrade's death was occasioned by the fall of a huge block. He was killed instantly.

Bro. Russell was saved in his own corps about four months ago. He was a real soldier of the Cross and a follower of the bleeding Lamb. The last time I heard him testify was in a soldiers' meeting, when he said he was ready for the chariot to lower.

Sunday night a memorial service was held at the S. A. hall. At the close of said meeting eight precious souls known at the Cross were found to be through the precious blood. Bro. Russell will be missed, but we believe to-day he is hating in the annals of glory. May God comfort the mother and father of this dear soldier. He was their only son. We are looking forward to the glorious time when we will greet Bro. Russell on the other shore. May God help us to be ready for the Master's coming.—Walter Legge.

SAFE AT HOME.

Pictou.—The death angel has again visited our comrade and sister Mrs. Brown has gone home. She was sick but a few days. On June 8th, at 1 a.m., she went to meet her Maker. Elnaugh Tugh visited our comrade several times and found her trusting in the One Who is able to save. After a short service at the house we marched to the S. A. hall, where a great crowd had gathered. So great was the crowd that it was difficult to get the coffin to the front. Then Elnaugh spoke in appropriate terms about the departed one, telling how she was ready to go, and had no fear of death. Many of the comrades did the same. God will be more than enough for the bereaved husband and dear children.

Mrs. Brown has been a soldier for over seven months, and was found at her post whenever possible. Her last public work was to collect for Self-Denial. Our comrade was the daughter of our present Sergt.-Major. May the loving Spirit be around him and his dear wife, who is very sick just now, and may we all live so that when death shall come we shall have no fear.—Lillie Lore.

A FAITHFUL SOLDIER PROMOTED.

Brantford.—Again we are called upon to report that death has visited our corps, and has taken from our midst our old and faithful comrade, "Father" Whiffin. After a lingering illness, of some months' duration, he passed peacefully away on the morning of May 24th. During his long time of sickness he was never known to murmur, but was always watching and waiting for the coming of the Master. The writer visited him a number of times, and found him to have the most implicit confidence in the God Whom he had served when in health.

Although the dying request of our comrade was that he be given a proper Army funeral, for reasons unknown to us, it was not granted. We, however, attended in a body to show our love and esteem.

On Sunday, June 2nd, Adj. Cameron conducted the memorial service. Some of the comrades who had known the deceased during his soldiery, were called upon and bore testimony to his faithfulness. The meeting was an impressive one, and the Lord came very near.

Previous to his conversion, Bro. Whiffin was very fond of drinking. In fact, the devil had so enwrapped him with the chains of sin that he was not his own master. Often did he resolve to do better, and as often failed. It is said that once, when on one of his drinking sprees,

he was arrested and brought before the magistrate. The magistrate, being a good Christian man, wished to assist him to do better, and consented to allow him another chance, the sentence being that he should not again touch liquor. The promise was made and he started for his home. On his way out of the city he was compelled to pass a hotel, and in order that the tempter would not be successful in turning him in, he started and ran past the place. Some time after, the Army came to the city, and through their instrumentality he was led to the feet of Jesus, after which he served as an enthusiastic and faithful soldier for over seventeen years.—O. Shoemaker.

CALLED SUDDENLY FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

Kingston.—We have lost, by death, Brother William Potts. For many years he has been connected with the S. A., being first found at its pentit form when but a Junior. Perhaps there are few better-known lads in Kingston. He was generally liked for his good nature and his big, kind heart. Our comrade was very young, and full of life and strength. He was cleaning the deck of the boat on which he was employed, when it gave an unexpected lurch, and, off his guard, he fell over the side into the water. Help was too late to rescue him. He sank, and his soul passed into the presence of God. Pray for the young widow, whose heart is sorely wounded. God will help her, for has it not promised to be a husband to the widow? Hallelujah!

Five Sisters Saved.

Bridgewater, N.S.—On Sunday we had a very impressive meeting, at the close of which an old lady, after years of sin, gave her heart to God. Elnaugh Parker, returning from Liverpool, gave us his lantern service entitled, "Home, sweet home," which was much enjoyed by those present. A sister got saved, also another sister came out on Tuesday night, and two more on Saturday night, which makes five souls for the week. The Lord is moving. He makes the desert garden bloom.—Reporter.

Forty at Knee-Drill.

Spokane.—Last Sunday we had a splendid meeting at knee-drill. There were forty present, which is the largest number for five years. The Adjutant divided the corps into two detachments, both in the afternoon and evening operations, which caused a stir. We had five bandmen on the march, while, for months past, Sergt. Major Jensen has been playing his cornet practically alone every night. Thank God we can always depend on "Jensen" turning out. The band played outside the "Hotel Spokane" in the evening, and the people gave us the best attention, and also the best collection, we have taken in the open-air for months. Four souls have sought Christ during the past week, and two came for the blessing of a clean heart. Thursday night was set aside for the Juniors, and they had a real good time, receiving presents for attendance, etc. Major and Mrs. Hargrave were in charge of the meeting. Sergts. Kelly and Whatmough are especially attentive to this branch of the work. May God bless them abundantly. We will let you know all about our Self-Denial target next week.—Joe Logan, R. C.

One Soul—Target Safe.

St. John I.—Brigadier Sharp and Staff-Capt. Phillips were with us on Sunday. The Brigadier is full of the Bible, and his words were spoken with power. The Staff-Captain gave a good talk. One soul sought salvation at night. The S-D target is safe.—A Soldier.

Leaving Town.

Sturgeon Falls.—The Lord is still blessing us here. Our Self-Denial was a success. We aimed at 45 and went a little over it. A great number are leaving town, among them are many of the soldiers. We are sorry indeed to lose them. By God's help we are going in to fight until Jesus says, "It is enough, come up higher."—M. Wilson, Capt.

## East Ontario Notes.

ON TOUR WITH MAJOR TURNER.

By A TRAVELER.

Reaching the Historic City of Quebec, we were met at the station by the newly-married man, Capt. Norman, who conducted us to the quarters, and we immediately sat down to a pleasant repast prepared in excellent taste by Mrs. Norman. Needless to say, Capt. and Mrs. Norman are happy, and the Captain assures us that a good wife is indispensable. Although the unsettled state of the weather was somewhat against us, yet the meetings were a real blessing, and an inspiration to us all; sinners were convicted of sin, one surrendering to God, while a number desired to be prayed for.

Monday morning we took a trip to the famed "Plains of Abraham," and as we viewed the scene of one of the new world's greatest battle-grounds, and thought of the heroes who fell there, we dropped on our knees, pledging ourselves to be loyal to God, and fight to the last in this great war against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

At present extensive plans for the remodeling of our barracks are under consideration, and we are believing in the near future to have one of the best buildings in the Province for Social and Spiritual work.

We were, unfortunately, delayed on the train for Sherbrooke, and did not arrive until twenty minutes past eight o'clock. At the station a little band of brave soldiers met us, and marched with us to the barracks, the Major leading with his cornet. A good crowd awaited us, and we had a very enjoyable meeting. The Major's splendid talk was appreciated by all. The Owens Brothers are in charge here, and although there are exceptional difficulties, the work is progressing and souls are being saved.

On the following day we left for the Land of the Star-Spangled Banner, accompanied by Captain Owens, the Halliclugh Welshman. Newport was our first stop, where Ensign Verex welcomed us at the depot platform.

The public meeting was a great success. Solos were rendered by Lieut. Ryan and Capt. Owens; the Major gave a soul-stirring talk on the "Water of Life," and a duet by the P. O. and Capt. Owens were features of the evening. We believe that a work was done for God, although none yielded.

St. Johnsbury, our next appointment, is one of the prettiest spots in Vermont. The people are the essence of kindness. Through the courtesy of Brother Roddick, we had the opportunity of witnessing how the far-famed Fair-bank solos are made.

The meeting at night was a decided success; the baby band, which is making fine progress, under the supervision of Bro. Roddick, rendered excellent music. The inside meeting was good. The P. O. and Captain sang a couple of duets very effectively. In the middle of the testimony meeting one brother rushed to the penitent form and cried for mercy. The Major took for his subject "Man's Thoughts," and many were impressed. Some desired to be prayed for, and one soul surrendered to God.

The Major believes the opportunities for S. A. work are unlimited, and predicts a glorious victory for the S. A. in the Green Mountains.

## Taking the Self-Denial Target Fort at Halifax I.

Early on the morning of May 1st orders were received that a company stationed at Halifax, under the command of Adj. Dowell, was to besiege the city and take the \$500 fort for King Jesus. On May 21st the Adjutant mustered his troops and stated that \$500 could be found in the pockets of the people, which must be taken out, and that before the 24th of the same month.

Sergt.-Major Collins, with the as-

sistance of P. S. M. Casbin and Mrs. Dowell, was to command the centre front firing line. Sergt. Ware, an old Crimean veteran, was to command the right flank, and Sergt. D. Morgan and Treas. Casbin to take charge of the left flank; Capt. Doyle and the hand-boys to act as scouts and pickets. J. S. S.-M. Romans and his staff were to form the ambulance corps and pick up all loose money, and anything they could get.

Bright and early on the morning of the 13th the siege commenced. Never did a band look better. Sergt. Ware, with all his medals shining, marched off to the right, and Sergt. D. Morgan and Treas. Casbin to the left, then a cheer and the women warriors came to the front. The last cheer and they are gone to conquer or die.

The scouts had gone early in the morning, and the pickets had been placed the night before.

All went well on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, but on the 17th the scouts came in with a report that the fort could not be taken.

On the 18th word was received from Sergt. Ware that he was having victory.

On the 17th came word that Sergt. Morgan would carry all before him.

took an active part in the effort, and if you were to ask "What is up with the Woodstock band?" you would hear many say, "It's all right!" They are all alive, and can preach, pray, or play; and they did quite a lot of the latter during the S.-D. campaign, for they serenaded quite a number of the prominent citizens, who gave liberally and also spoke very highly of the valuable services rendered by the Army in ameliorating the condition of our race, physically, morally, and spiritually. The band took in nearly double the amount ever taken in before, and they appreciate greatly many acts of kindness shown them by our friends, especially the supper provided by the Postmaster's wife, as it came at a time when needed, the weather being disagreeable, a generous donation was forthcoming besides. Many other manifestations of sympathy could I mention. One gentleman gave \$10, and one or two others \$5 each. In fact, everyone serenaded did splendidly. The other collectors, too, found the people deeply in sympathy with the work of the Army, even if they were not able to give. The Captain was heard to remark that it was joy to go collecting in Woodstock, because everyone spoke so favorably of the Army's work.

## HALIFAX SELF-DENIAL BRIGADE.



S.-M. Mrs. Collins. Mrs. Adj. Dowell. Adj. Dowell. P. S.-M. Casbin.  
Convert S.-M. Morgan. Sergt. Ware. Treasurer Casbin.

and late in the afternoon Sergt.-Major Collins sent in word to say they would silence the guns in their part of the field, and our hearts were cheered.

On the 21st and 22nd reports kept coming in that all were having victory.

On the 23rd one of the scouts reported everything giving way, and on the evening of the 24th we were able to hoist the flag of victory, having secured our target, and a few dollars over for expenses.

What a cheer went up as it was made known on the 26th that Sergt. Ware had carried off first prize and captured \$100; Sergt. Morgan 2nd prize of \$74; Sergt.-Major Mrs. Collins 3rd prize with \$54, and the Treasurer taking \$30. The Ambulance Corps picked up over \$100.

So the soldiers were paid off with "God-bless-you's," and a promise of getting their pensions in the other land, and to be ready to report for H. P. about October.—G. H. Dowell, Adj.

## Woodstock's Self-Denial Victory.

I have been silent for a long time, but I could not let the Self-Denial battle and victory pass without reporting the same. To say it was an easy victory is putting it mildly. The band is only ten in number, but they



Two Corps-Cadets (Jennie Pearson and Emma Reynolds) took their auto-harps, and while caressing their distaffs, sang and played to everyone who gave them money and required a song, and as a result took in over \$7. They were timid at starting, and wanted to be excused, but after they got under way, they went into the effort with a will. Another Corps-Cadet (Willie Hillis) did \$5.51, and the remainder of the comrades, and also the Juniors, did well, and are quite cheered over the victory achieved.

We are busy now announcing the visit of the Jones Sisters, and also the Red-Hot Revivalists. A rousing time is anticipated.—Geo. Kenway, Adj.

## Wedding Bells at Newmarket.

The wedding service of Bro. Miller and Sister Jack having been announced, a crowd worthy of the occasion gathered in the barracks. Staff-Capt. Stanyon lined out song 77, which was sung heartily, and during the singing of the same the wedding party arrived and took their places. Capts. Brooklets and LeCocq prayed that the blessing of God would continue with our comrades through life. Staff-Capt. Stanyon soloed; Major Pickering sang a few remarks with regard to weddings, the D. O. read a portion of

Scripture, and the interested parties stood forward, the bride supported by Capt. McConn of Huron St., and the bridegroom by Capt. Langridge, also of Huron St. corps. The "I wills" were clearly spoken, and the Major declared our comrades to be man and wife. Bro. Miller saluted his new wife in the usual way, which "brought down the house."

Newmarket is fortunate to secure Major Pickering to do his first wedding in the Province. Everyone declares he is all right. We were favored with short speeches from Capt. McConn and Capt. LeCocq, the latter saying he was pleased he had a good wife. Capt. Langridge gave those present some good spiritual advice, as did also Bro. and Sister Miller. The Major then brought the interesting and happy event to a close by praying that the seal of God might be placed on the union. We all say, "Amen."

The novel open-air banquet that followed the wedding service was done justice to by about 100 persons. Everyone seemed to enjoy each other company, especially as this rolled in the case of Bro. and Sister Miller. The bride excelled in the cake cutting, and as some of the young folks were eating I fancy I heard them say they would like to be the next. Capt. Brooklets, of Aurora, favored us with a solo, accompanied by the auto-harp, at the close. The Newmarket corps wish our comrades success and prosperity. —Froggie.

## ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT.

LIFE-SKETCH OF JOS. LOGAN, OF SPOKANE CORPS.

The following brief account of my career will, I hope, be a lesson to you who read this, who, as yet, have not started to lead a Christian life. I was born in Manchester, England. At the age of 17 I contracted the gambling mania, which, up to the time of my conversion, was the blight of my life. Starting to work for a noted firm of India Rubber Manufacturers, an employer, at the age of 16, I rose by degrees till I reached my 19th year, when I was promoted to the position of stock-keeper, the firm employing no less than 500 people in its different departments. I had only been in the firm's employ one year when I started gambling on horse races, though as yet I had not tasted strong drink. With the rise in my business position began my social downfall, for not only did I have more money to gamble, but some years afterwards I acquired the appetite for strong drink, and became also a heavy smoker, using about five ounces a week until just before my conversion the average per week rose to eight ounces.

Through my excessive drink and my neglect of business

I Finally Lost My Situation.

In September, 1890, I arrived in London, Eng., a distance of 185 miles from Manchester, and was lucky enough to get work in a few days after my arrival with a firm of Waterproof Coat Manufacturers. My work consisted of keeping the place tidy, and resolved, in my own strength, after being so fortunate to obtain work in the great city, to lead a better life. For some four years I got along splendidly, rising, after one year, to packer in the warehouse, at times attended to checking the goods that came from various towns, and also assisting the book-keeper. Alas! just as the manager had arranged for me to take charge of the Retail Department at one of their city stores, the old desire for gambling broke out, and once again my prospects were dashed to the ground. I spent what I had accumulated during that time in gambling and drinking, and shortly after left London with a friend, Ted, who had roomed with me, and who was a confirmed drunkard. We had a little money, and it being summer time, we agreed to travel on foot, trying to get employment at different towns as we passed through. Ted was fortunate to obtain a job first in Birmingham.

So I traveled alone to Manchester, and there secured employment as

laborer in the velvet works. Before, I was in the way of the velvet works. After working for a while, I had occasion to go to the former company's address given, I found Ted's kindly friend had passed on the worse for night, he was in room on the second floor, just reached the when he lost his

backwards,

Striking His Head

In the descent, I was from which they closed him. They lifted him into his head toward on the way to become restless front of the company time smashing a shattering his br. This, no doubt, lesson to me; I am gambling and drinking. Shortly after mind to go to Ch. Liverpool, arrive Quebec, in April my entrance into getting

As Drunk as

then came to Br. I worked on the and spent most United States.

On the 9th of at the Mercy St. Army barracks, asked Christ to

What

Fifteen months which time God gambling, drinking, fact, has cleaned through. I have been for thirteen fifteen I have of the largest firm I often wonder in his sins and I can say, "His vilest clean." I do, of the H. great way instruct to Christ, help both in Spokane charge of the Spokane B. C.—Joe Logan

Every breath health produce which eventually way the men Spencer.



Sta (Taken at



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Newmarket is fortunate to secure Major Plekerling to do his first wedding in the Province. Everyone declares he is all right. We were favored with short speeches from Capt. McCann and Capt. LeCocq, the latter saying he was pleased he had a good wife. Cand. Langridge gave the present some good spiritual advice, as did also Bro. and Sister Miller. The Major then brought the interesting and happy event to a close by praying that the seal of God might be placed on the union. We all say, "Amen."

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So I traveled alone to Manchester, and there secured employment as

laborer in the very place where, years before, I was stock-keeper. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard. After working for some six months, I had occasion to visit Birmingham, so resolved to pay a visit to Ted, my former companion. I called at the address given, but was informed by Ted's landlady that my late companion had passed away. Coming home the worse for drink one Saturday night, he was making his way to his room on the second floor, and had just reached the top of the stairs, when he lost his balance and fell backwards.

### Striking His Head Against the Stairs

In the descent, causing unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. They placed him on a stretcher and lifted him into a closed conveyance, his head towards the front of it, but on the way to the hospital the horse became restless, and kicked in the front of the conveyance, at the same time smashing poor Ted's skull, and shattering his brains in all directions. This, no doubt, ought to have been a lesson to me; but no, I still kept on gambling and drinking as before.

Shortly after that I made up my mind to go to Canada, and sailed from Liverpool, arriving at Point Levis, Quebec, in April, 1898. I celebrated my entrance into the new country by getting

### As Drunk as Never Before;

then came to British Columbia, where I worked on the railroad for a time, and spent most of two years in the United States.

On the 9th of March, 1900, I knelt at the Mercy Seat in the Salvation Army barracks, at Victoria, B. C., and asked Christ to pardon the past.

### What a Past!

Fifteen months have since passed, which time God has kept me from gambling, drinking, smoking, and, in fact, has cleansed me through and through. I am working, and have been for thirteen months out of the fifteen I have been saved, for one of the largest firms in this city. Now I often wonder why God called Ted in his sins and spared me. Truthfully I can say, "His blood can make the vilest clean." I might add that Adjt. Dodd, of the Haven here, was in a great way instrumental in helping me to Christ, helping me financially, both in Spokane, and when he had charge of the Social Work in Victoria. B. C.—Jos. Logan, Spokane Corps.

Every breach of the laws of bodily health produces physical damage which eventually damages in some way the mental health.—Herbert Spencer.

## LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. MARGETTS.

(Continued from page 5.)

### In the Prairies.

After five years as Training Home Principal, marching orders for England were received by Brigadier Margetts, who had been promoted when the Brigade system was started in 1890. Owing, however, to some unforeseen happenings, the Commandant asked him to take charge of the North-West Province in 1892. During his sixteen months' stay there he put in a great deal of travelling and solid work. A few barracks were built, and Winnipeg corps was thoroughly organized. That it was a success will be understood by the fact that the farewell Sunday at that corps wound up with 27 souls in the fountain. The Brigadier liked the North-West immensely.

### West Ontario.

Owing again to scarcity of men, the Commandant mentioned to him that he desired to keep him a little longer in Canada, whereupon the Brigadier volunteered for another Provincial appointment, and was sent to the West Ontario, in March, '94. At that time a great deal of tact and toll were needed in that Province to overcome the many difficulties and complications that existed. The Brigadier showed himself capable for the task. He restored confidence, won wavering ones over, and weeded out the undesirable element. He cleared also considerable Provincial debt, as well as debts from the corps. During his term of office he secured the London Citadel, and new barracks at Simcoe and Wingham, besides arranging for alterations and renovations in sixteen other corps. The statistics, during the three years spent in West Ontario, show most favorably. One hundred and twenty Candidates applied. The average of souls saved was raised from thirteen to fifty-six per week. Junior and Senior attendances, J. S. Companies, and Local Officers were doubled. The sale of War Cry was raised from 1,416 to 5,875, and the results of special efforts, such as Harvest Festival and Self-Denial, were also doubled.

### Territorial Secretary.

A complete breakdown compelled Brigadier Margetts to have a prolonged rest. After having recuperated, he was appointed as Territorial Secretary to the Toronto Headquarters. This appointment brought with

it a great many responsibilities, especially as just at that time the Chief Secretary took seriously ill, and his duties fell upon the shoulders of the Territorial Secretary. Seeing that many special efforts just at that time had to be looked after, one can readily understand the high pressure at which the Territorial Secretary had to work. Harvest Festival and Self-Denial followed in close succession, then came the great War Cry organization boom at Christmas, 1897, followed by the General's visit and the Siege.

When Colonel Jacobs resumed his position as Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts (for he had now been promoted) put his entire efforts in the inspection of our corps, Provinces, and Social Institutions. His wide experience, and close knowledge of the Territory, made him an excellent adviser, and enabled him to put the entire machinery of administration in a more methodical working order. The spiritual results of his visits from coast to coast, also, were most pronounced. His meetings were successful in every portion of the Territory, and will be remembered with pleasure by multitudes.

The Colonel is nothing if he is not methodical. He possesses the happy knack of keeping cool under trying circumstances, and going at his work in a persistent, business-like manner.

He has been very systematic in keeping an account of his own doings, and his diary shows that during the last thirteen years in Canada he has seen six thousand one hundred and eighty-six souls at the penitent form, and during the last ten years has traveled one hundred and twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-two miles on Army service.

### MRS. MARGETTS.

Mrs. Margetts has seen considerably more yeoman service in the British Field than the Colonel. As Lieutenant and Captain she has held many appointments, finally being appointed to the Training Home Staff, commanding three different Garrisons of women Cadets. Then the question of women D. O.'s came up, and was much opposed by the members of the stronger sex. The General, however, was determined to make a test, and the lot fell upon Capt. Polly Ashton. Her success as D. O. was so clearly demonstrated that the General appointed several others to the same position.

About that time Colonel Margetts was on furlough in England, when he met Staff-Capt. Ashton, and—but we know nothing of the personal conversations that took place on various occasions, and doubt whether there were any witnesses. We know this

much, however, that soon after his return to Toronto, rumors went about that Staff-Capt. Ashton was coming to Canada, and certain men around Headquarters sang, as they went up and down stairs, the then popular chorus, "Over the waves to me." And over the waves Staff-Capt. Ashton came. On Good Friday, 1891, in the afternoon, Staff-Capt. Ashton changed her name to Mrs. Brigadier Margetts.

### A Faithful and Precious Counsellor.

The Colonel freely admits what a reliable helpmeet he has found in his wife. In his Training Home duties and Divisional work, she has been a priceless counsellor to him. Although her platform abilities are very acceptable, the Colonel most treasures her judgment, which he pronounces almost unerring. Mrs. Margetts now is the happy mother of three boys and two girls, which she is faithfully endeavoring to train for God's service in the Salvation Army. F.

### GOD'S HOUR.

In the hour of fading light,  
When the curtain falls of night,  
From the voice I love to hear,  
Steals a whisper to my ear:  
"When it grows too dark to see,  
Spend the twilight hour with Me."

Loth to lay my books away,  
Linger o'er them yet I stay;  
Low, and musical, and sweet,  
Still I hear that voice repeat:  
"It has grown too dark to see,  
Spend the twilight hour with Me."

Busy day, though bright and fair,  
Still must be the time of care;  
Through my weary heart and brain  
Soft those accents float again:  
"Thou hast wrought, and thou must rest;  
Come, and thou shalt me My guest."

I obey the call so sweet,  
Kneeling low at Jesus' feet,  
Resting 'neath His gracious smile,  
Listening to His voice the while:  
Now He breathes into my ear  
Words of counsel, words of cheer.

When that hour with Him is o'er,  
Stroop and brave I am once more,  
Ready for the sternest strife  
In the lot of mortal life.  
Yea, such power He gives to those  
Who upon His breast repose.

Wearied one, where'er thou art,  
Why this sadness in thy heart?  
Wouldst thou lack the needed power  
Hast thou given God His hour?  
For that hour when light is dim  
He would have thee spend with Him.  
Him. Elsie M. Graham.



Staff-Capt. Margetts, A. D. C.

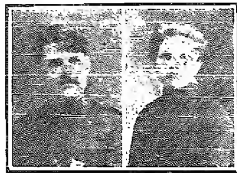
(Taken at our International Headquarters, London.)

Mrs. Brigadier Margetts and Gracie.

Brigadier Margetts

When in command of the West Ontario Province.

BOOMERS OF THE EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.



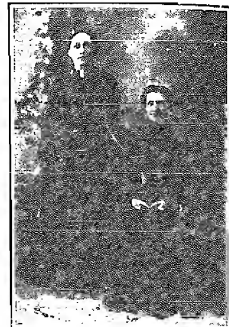
Capt. Grose. Mrs. Ens. Wynn.



Lieut. Pittman. Capt. Slater.



Capt. Tytus. Lieut. Rutledge.



Ens. Yerex. Capt. Pitcher.

## \* Competition Chat \*

All Provinces in Their Orndodox Places This Week—Currell Missing—The East Has the Champion Boomer This Week.

Every racer has his accustomed place this week, not one is out of the usual rotation; all fell in as it were, like clockwork, to trot in the well-known runs.

The diversion in the Hustlers' List is caused by the change of championship. Lieut. Currell is conspicuous by her absence, while Capt. Martin of the East, wears the champion's laurels with a modest blush in the meantime. Capt. Crawford comes second, thus preserving the dignity of Arab.

All the big boomers are in the East and in West Ontario this week; the latter has Capt. Copeman (245), the former, Lieut. White (255), and Cand. Newell (250) as the next best to the champions mentioned before.

The warm weather will prove the best qualities of the winning Province. In natural law, heat expands, but the observations of the writer in the past have proved that boomers' hats contract during the hot season. Will it be so this summer, or will we go back to nature's arrangements?

Watch the Hustler's Gallery every week!

### Eastern Province. 108 Hustlers.

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	286
Lieut. White, Fredericton	255
Cand. Newell, St. John I.	250
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	129
Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	125
Lieut. Holden, Yarmouth	120
Capt. Clark, Chatham	110
Serg. Conrad, Halifax I.	108
Serg. Caslin, Halifax I.	107
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Halifax I.	105
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	100
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	100
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	100
Lieut. Harding, North Sydney	100
Lieut. Long, Sydney	100
Lieut. Murdoch, Sydney	90
Mrs. Kelley, St. George's	90
Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton	89
Lieut. Vandine, Truro	89
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Calais	86
Lieut. Duncan, Newcastle	85
Lieut. Redmond, St. Stephen	80
Cadet White, Yarmouth	80
Lieut. Williams, Carleton	75
Capt. Andrews, Truro	72
Capt. Prince, Hamilton	72
Capt. Clark, St. George's	70
Lieut. Netting, Stellarton	65
M. Selig, Halifax I.	63
C. Colwell, Amherst	60
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside	60
Serg. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	60
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	57
Capt. Forcy, Channing	55
Lieut. Tatem, St. John III.	54
Mrs. Adj. Frazer, Windsor	52
Capt. Bell, Somerset	52
Lieut. McLeod, Somerset	50
Lieut. Howbray, St. George's	50
Capt. Hobbs, Digby	50
Lieut. Lebars, Bear River	50
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	50
M. S. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Sec. Martin, Glace Bay	50
Serg. McEachern, Glace Bay	50
Lieut. March, Yarmouth	50
Cadet Ritchie, Dartmouth	45
Serg. Blair, St. John III.	45

### West Ontario Province. 88 Hustlers.

Capt. Crawford, London	250
Capt. Copeman, Brantford	245
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Berlin	150
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	140
Capt. Malisey, St. Thomas	100
Ensign Scott, Clinton	95
Ensign Gamble, Chatham	90
Capt. Hockin, Chatham	89
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	89
Capt. Fyfe, Listowel	88
Lieut. Stickells, Leamington	85
Serg. Richards, Guelph	85
Miss Singer, Wallaceburg	85
Ensign Hollman, Essex	84
Lieut. Erb, London	73
Ensign Hollett, Galt	70
Lieut. Craft, Galt	70
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	70
Adj. Blackburn, Simcoe	70
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Strathroy	70
Capt. Haley, Palm raton	70
Capt. White, Woodstock	58
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	55
Capt. Pickle, Forest	55
Mrs. Grassick, Woodstock	55
Adj. Cameron, Brantford	55
Capt. Ringler, Wingham	50
Sister Irwin, Wingham	50
Sergt.-Major Glover, Dresden	50

### Central Ontario Province. 80 Hustlers.

Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	80
Corps-Cadet White, Barrie	75
Capt. Paxton, Sturgeon Falls	75
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	70
Capt. Kenzie, St. Catharines	70
Ensign Lott, Parry Sound	65
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott	65
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Orillia	58
Cadet West, Lippincott	56
Ensign Brainer, Brampton	55
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	55
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	55
Capt. Liddard, Fenelon Falls	53
Adj. Walker, Riverside	50
Lieut. Grayett, Riverside	50
Sergt. Homan, Lindsay	50
Sergt. Richards, Lindsay	50
Capt. Rose, Midland	50
Lieut. Minnis, Midland	50
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bone, North Bay	50
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	50
Lieut. Meader, Sudbury	50
Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St.	50
Capt. Nelson, Chesley	50
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	45
Capt. McLellan, Owen Sound	45

### East Ontario Province. 74 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	150
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	101
Capt. Lang, Burlington	100
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	100
Adj. Moore, Kingston	115
Capt. Gammalidge, St. Albans	104
Capt. Owen, Sherbrooke	100
Capt. Crego, Peterborough	98
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	98
Mrs. Adj. Moore, Kingston	98
Capt. Yake, St. Johnsbury	98
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	92
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	85
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	85
Capt. Ash, Perth	85
Lieut. Waugh, Brockville	80
Lieut. Holliday, Prescott	75
Lieut. Rutledge, Gananoque	75
Capt. Edwards, Ottawa	74
Capt. Green, Trenton	70
Capt. Norman, Quebec	65
Lieut. Hicks, Barre	70
Capt. Slater, Amprior	70
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	60
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	57
Ensign Yere, Newport	57
Lieut. Bryan, Newport	57
Lieut. Langley, Cobourg	50
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	50
Ensign McLean, Barre	50
Capt. Bliss, Odgensburg	50
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	50

## OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

Capt. Bradbury, St. John V.	45
Adj. Bowering, Parrsboro	45
Ensign Knight, Westville	40
Lieut. Weakley, Sydney Mines	40
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	40
M. Fraser, New Glasgow	40
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgetown	40
Capt. Ritchie, Kentville	40
Sister Myles, Kentville	39
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	35
Bro. Hallett, Hampton	35
Cadet Nugent, St. Stephen	35
Cadet Chipman, Amherst	35
C. C. Godsoe, Moncton	31
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown	30
Capt. Watt, Hillsboro	30
Lieut. A. Murrough, Hillsboro	30
Capt. E. Taylor, Sussex	30
Capt. Winchester, Houlton	30
Capt. S. Taylor, Eastport	30
Lieut. B. Kenney, Fairville	25
Lieut. Lebars, Digby	25
Capt. Hutt, Fairville	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Capt. Hudson, Carleton	25
Mrs. Ensign Allan, Woodstock	25
S. M. Treadwell, Newcastle	25
Capt. Piercey, St. John II.	25
Capt. Urquhart, Windsor	25
S. Holden, Windsor	25
Cadet Ogilvie, St. John III.	25
Adj. Bowers, Springhill	25
Capt. B. Green, Sackville	25
Capt. R. Payne, Sackville	25
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor	25
Capt. Green, Moncton	25
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	24
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	24
Sister McFadden, New Glasgow	24
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	23
Capt. Smith, North Head	23
Capt. Hawbold, Annapolis	23
Capt. Davis, Sydney Mines	23
Capt. Goodwin, North Sydney	23
J. Parsons, Halifax I.	22
Capt. Tiller, Bridgewater	21
Capt. Armstrong, Springhill	21
Capt. Doyle, Halifax I.	21
Ensign Larder, Halifax I.	21
Capt. Tilly, Liverpool	21
S. M. Chase, Fredericton	21
L. Maynard, North Sydney	20
C. C. Morrison, St. John III.	20
G. Riley, St. John III.	20
Capt. Parsons, Calais	20
Mrs. Knight, Westville	20

Ensign Slote, Stratford	50
Adj. McHarg, Petrolia	47
Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	46
Lottie Butcher, Stratford	46
Sergt. Britton, Stratford	45
Capt. Williams, Guelph	41
Lieut. Pennacy, Paris	41
Capt. Kitchen, Guelph	40
Ensign Howcroft, Seaforth	36
Mrs. Adj. McMillan, London	35
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Ridgetown	35
Lieut. Greenwood, Watford	35
Lieut. Edwards, Seaforth	34
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	30
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	30
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	30
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	25
Lieut. Cook, Forest	25
Capt. Coy, Strathroy	25
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	28
Rhoda White, Simcoe	28
Treas. Harris, London	26
Capt. Brookles, Auron	25
Sergt. Christener, Petrolia	25
Lieut. Crank, Blenheim	25
Capt. Hancock, Paris	25
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	25
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20
Corps-Cadet Bowling, Stratford	20
Corps-Cadet Hardy, Strathroy	20
Capt. Rock, Berlin	20
Capt. Harman, Tilsonburg	20
Mrs. Allen, Mitchell	20
Adj. McElroy, London	20
Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming	20
Capt. Knuckie, Sarnia	20
J. S. S.-M. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Sister Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	20
Bro. Christener, Dresden	20
Capt. Gibson, Leamington	20
Capt. Groombridge, Theford	20
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	20
Lieut. Edwards, Hespeler	20
Capt. Plant, Drayton	20
Bro. Barker, Strathroy	20
Lieut. Carley, Ridgetown	20
Fred Talcott, Ridgetown	20
Capt. Dowell, Ridgetown	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Stanley Gamble, Chatham	20
J. S. S.-M. Hustin, Essex	20
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Sergt. Hodgins, Windsor	20
Lieut. Barner, Wallaceburg	20
Marshall Bean, Wallaceburg	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroter	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20

Lieut. G.

Adj. Bu.  
Capt. Va.  
Capt. Ra.  
Sergt. H.  
Lieut. Se.  
P. S. M.  
Capt. W.  
Capt. Ne.  
Capt. W.  
Bro. H.  
Mrs. Din.  
Mrs. Bro.  
Lieut. B.  
Capt. Re.  
E. Coden.  
Mrs. Har.  
Capt. Co.  
Capt. M.  
Capt. L.  
Miss Chi.  
J. S. De.  
Sister W.  
Sister S.  
Sister R.  
Sister B.  
J. S. R.  
Stephen.  
Envy M.  
Miss Ben.  
Mildred.  
Father D.  
Sergt. Va.  
Sergt. L.  
Sister K.  
G. Crawford.  
J. Walton.  
Eda Bak.  
Adj. K.  
Capt. G.  
Sergt. W.  
Lieut. O.  
Mrs. Jew.

Lieut. J.  
Capt. B.  
Sister M.  
Capt. L.  
Lieut. E.  
Sergt. D.  
Mrs. Cap.  
Mrs. Cap.  
Ensign A.  
Sister A.  
Lieut. G.  
Lieut. L.  
Capt. M.  
Lieut. M.  
Adj. E.  
Ensign M.  
Prain.  
Capt. A.  
Lieut. V.  
Mrs. Adj.  
Lieut. J.  
Capt. N.  
Capt. A.  
Capt. A.  
Capt. A.  
P. S. M.  
Sergt. M.  
Sergt. A.  
Sergt. M.  
Devil.  
Capt. S.  
Lieut. W.  
Sergt. M.  
Sergt. W.  
Ensign H.  
Lieut. P.  
Capt. M.  
Lieut. G.  
Lieut. W.  
Sergt. M.







Original songs, composed by Lieut.-Colonel Margetts during his sojourn in the Dominion. These are but a few of the splendid selection which the Lieut.-Colonel has placed at our disposal.

### THE CLEANSING STREAM.

Tune.—Jesus keep me near the cross (B.J. 8).

1 Boundless, ceaseless, cleansing stream,  
Freely flowing ever,  
Me, a sinner, to redeem,  
From all sin to sever.

#### Chorus.

In the stream, in the stream,  
Bathing, 'biding ever;  
I have purity and peace  
Through bathing in this river.

Doubts and fears are borne away,  
Griefs and sorrows never  
Vex my soul, while every day  
I bathe me in this river.

Pain is pleasure, suffering sweet,  
Mirth is without measure;  
Christ doth come, my soul to meet  
While bathing in this river.

Earth is heaven and life is bliss,  
Precious is my treasure;  
Christ is mine, and I am His,  
Through bathing in this river.

### SO DEAR AND TRUE.

Tune.—Two lovely black eyes.

2 The Lily of the Vale is He,  
The Christ Who died upon the tree,  
His love, so full, so rich, so free,  
So dear and true,  
In sin's dark night He sought for me,  
Nor tired till I was made to see  
He died, my Saviour, Friend, to be  
So dear and true.

#### Chorus.

So dear and true,  
Gives joy anew,  
My Jesus, the only, the best in the valley,  
So dear and true.

He changed my darkness into light,  
He makes my pathway clear and bright,  
As noon-day is my darkest night,  
So dear and true,  
He gives me peace, and frees from pain,  
My soul from sin, or doubt, or shame,  
He fills me, glory to His name,  
With peace, dear and true.

In every conflict He is near,  
With power and grace my heart to cheer;  
Let foes assail, I will not fear,  
He's dear and true,  
He'll crown me when my work is done,  
When, by His grace, the battle's won,  
I'll bask in rays of brightest sun—  
Heaven, dear and true.

### AT CALVARY.

Tune.—When the stars and the elements are falling (B.J. 43).

3 'Twas there on yonder mountain,  
Between the dying thieves,  
On Calvary's rugged cross,  
Where He died;  
With throbbing pain and anguish,  
His soul and body heaves,  
On Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.

#### Chorus.

At Calvary the precious blood is flowing,  
Is flowing from Jesus' riven side,  
He'll take our sins, and sorrows, your doubts,  
And fears away,  
At Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.

Oh, what a wondrous wonder, He  
Split His precious blood  
On Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.

A crimson, cleansing current—a sin-removing flood.  
On Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.

Backslider, there's a welcome, if thou wilt now return,  
To Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.  
For thee, though vile and sinful, His heart with love did burn,  
On Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.

Desponding, wretched drunkard, deliverance is for thee,  
At Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.  
Come, weary, hardened sinner, and He will set you free,  
At Calvary's rugged cross, where  
He died.

### WAITING WON'T SAVE.

Tune.—Living beneath the shade of the cross (B.J. 109).

4 Poor soul, curs'd by sin, and bound for the grave,  
With but a few chances thy dear soul to save,  
How foolish to drift with that treacherous wave,  
Waiting for God's salvation.

#### Chorus.

Waiting won't save, nor lessen sin's dross,  
Waiting won't help you to take up your cross,  
By waiting, your chance to get saved may be lost,  
And end all your hopes of salvation.

Waiting in day time, waiting at night,  
Waiting till darkness is chased by the "Light,"  
Waiting until there are no foes to fight,  
To get your soul's salvation.

Waiting improvement your soul to prepare,  
Waiting reform to help you "get there,"  
Waiting for feeling before you declare  
You're determined to get salvation.

Waiting means misery, doom, and despair,  
Waiting never helped for heaven to prepare,  
To wait is, at best, a wretched affair,  
'Tis useless to wait for salvation.

### I GAZE UPON THEE.

Tune.—Down in the garden (B.J. 67).

5 I gaze upon Thy lovely face,  
So marked, so marred, so worn;  
Thy loving smile, Thy tender gaze,  
Thy brow with thorns so torn.

#### Chorus.

Jesus, dear Saviour,  
Thou didst die for me,  
Flowing is the crimson fountain,  
Me from sin and self to free.

I gaze upon Thy nail-pierced hands,  
Thy feet fixed to the tree;  
I see Thy bruise, Thy blood, Thy hands,  
O Lamb of Calvary!

I gaze upon Thy cross, Thy pain,  
The nails, the thorns, the spear,  
The gall, the vinegar, the stain,  
"Father, forgive!" I hear.

I gaze upon Thy bleeding wounds,  
So real, so deep, so sore;  
Amazing love, my soul's redeemed,  
It needs to sin no more.

### THE CRY OF A CONVICTED SOUL.

Tune.—If I ask Him to receive me.  
6 Deep in sorrow, shame and darkness,  
Sunken far in sin,  
Will the Saviour now, in mercy,  
Take me in?

#### Chorus.

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.

Conscience smites me, fear affrights me,  
Is there hope for me?  
What release, could I receive it—  
Liberty?

Past transgressions meet my vision,  
Present guilt as well,  
I might now be justly banished  
Into hell.

Lost I am, can Jesus find me?  
All my sins forgive?  
Chase my darkness, and in brightness  
With me live?

### FAREWELL SONG.

[The following song was composed by Lieut.-Colonel Margetts on the occasion of his farewell from England for an appointment in Canada.]

Tune.—The vacant chair.

7 Life is full of change and changes,  
Greetings, partings, pleasure,  
pains;

Off we set, and oft we sever,  
Never may we meet again,  
Till before the bar we're summoned,  
At the awful judgment throne,  
And the Judge shall pass the sentence,  
"Depart, ye cursed," or "Come, well done!"

#### Chorus.

Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Meet where partings will be o'er?  
There with Christ, and many loved ones,  
Rest in bliss for evermore.

We have loved and worked together  
For our Master, side by side;  
Naught but His own will and pleasure  
Could our efforts now divide,  
But we live to do His bidding,  
Now He calls us far away,  
Far away to labor for Him,  
And His voice we will obey.

Farewell, brothers, farewell sisters,  
Farewell friends, new converts, too;  
Oh, be faithful till the morning,  
Never flinch or prove untrue,  
Jesus' grace is all-sufficient,  
Only trust and march along;  
By-and-bye we'll join the chorus  
Of the angels' welcome song.

Sinner, will you start for heaven?  
Start just now, before too late?  
All your sins must be forgiven,  
Or you're shut outside the gate.  
This, our parting message to you,  
Sinners, soldiers, comrades all;  
Live to God, and then in glory  
We'll meet and never more "Farewell."



## Colonel Jacobs,

CHIEF SECRETARY

Assisted by

Territorial Headquarters Staff

WILL CONDUCT

## CAMP MEETINGS

In the

BUFFERIN GROVE, TORONTO,

From

Saturday, June 29th,  
to Monday, July 3rd.

Meetings every day at 3 and 8 p.m.  
preceded by half hour of music  
and song.

Sundays.—Meetings all day, commencing at 7 a.m.  
Monster Field Day—Monday, July 1st.

Tents can be obtained on application to Major Pickering, Salvation Temple, Toronto. Prices for ten days, from \$2.25 to \$3.50 each.

Look out for future announcements.

### Spiritual Specials.

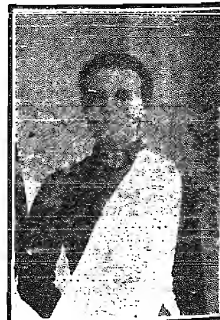
MAJOR GALT and CAPT. LEDREW  
Trouton, Thurs. June 30, to Mrs. July 1.

### T. F. S. Appointments.

Ensign Perry.—Gravenhurst, Sat. and Sun. June 29, 30; Orillia, Mon. and Tues. July 1, 2; Fesserton, Wed. July 3; Midland, Thurs. July 4; Barrie, Fri. July 5.

Ensign Andrews.—Everett, Sat. Sun. and Mon. June 29, 30, July 1; Mt. Vernon, Tues. and Wed. July 2, 3; New Wharfedale, Thurs. and Fri. July 4, 5; New Westminster, Sat. Sun. and Mon. July 6, 7, 8.

An Untiring War Cry Pusher.



Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed, Ont.

### LOANS

We invite the correspondence of any persons having money to invest. We can offer the most reliable security with fairly good interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing  
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,  
Territorial Headquarters,  
Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

ARE YOU COMING TO THE  
**CAMP MEETINGS?**